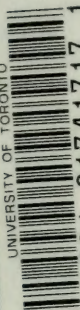


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JAPAN AND THE
JAPANESE

BY
KARL KIYOSHI KAWAKAMI





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JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

AS SEEN BY FOREIGNERS

PRIOR TO THE BEGINNING OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

EDITED

BY

KARL KIYOSHI KAWAKAMI,

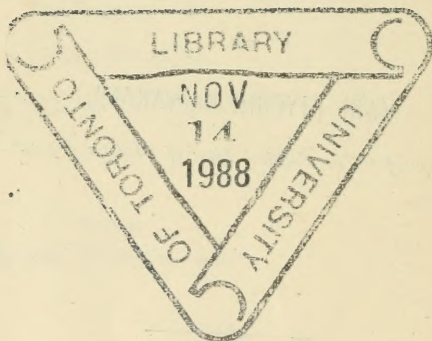
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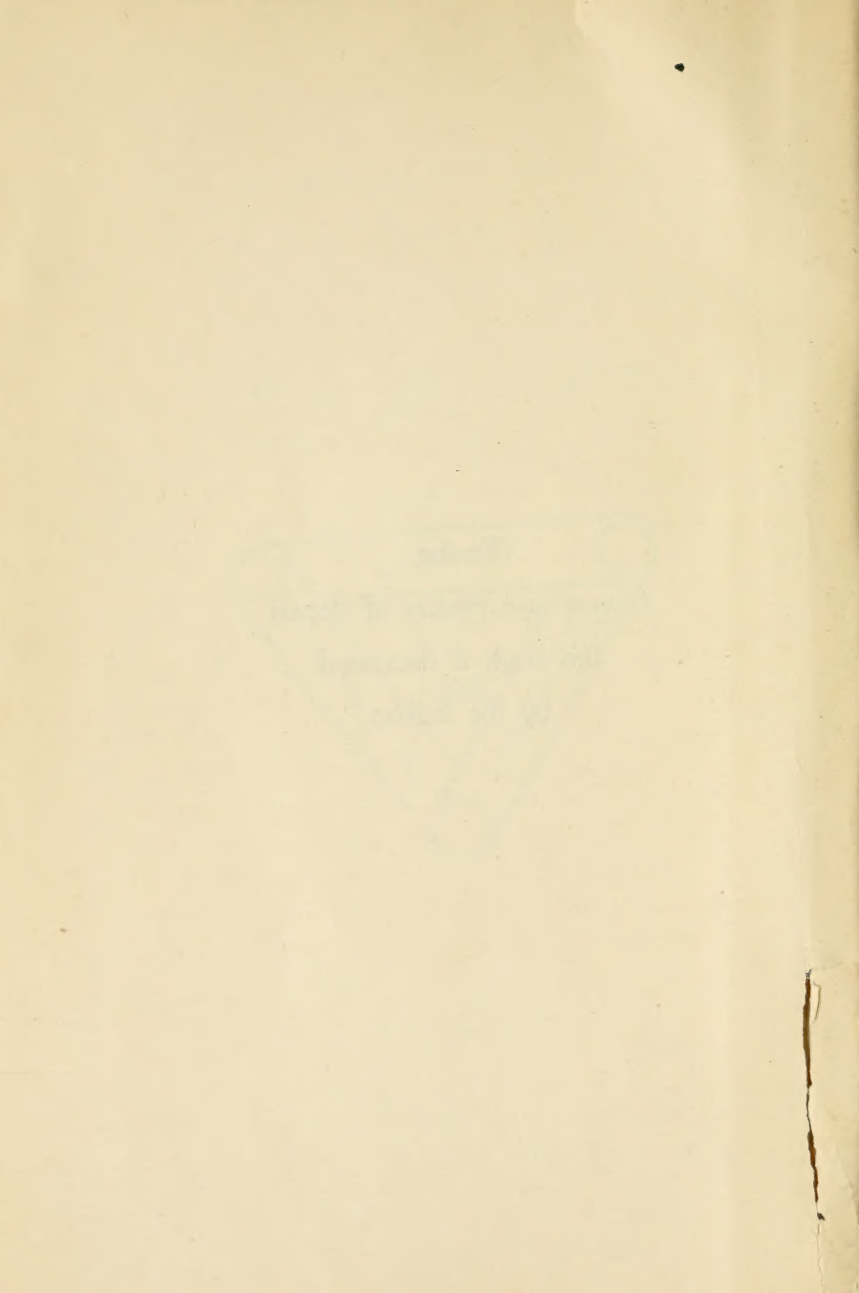
PUBLISHED

BY THE

KEISEISHA,
TOKYO.



To the
Lovers and Haters of Japan
this book is dedicated
by the Editor.



INTRODUCTION.

Some two years ago being engaged in writing for the Master's degree a series of essays on The Political Ideas of Modern Japan—published in book form by the University of Iowa, and later republished in Japan—I had to read a considerable number of books and review-articles by foreign writers on various topics connected with Japanese life. It then occurred to me that a compilation of the views of some of the representative foreign writers on Japan would be of great interest as well as of great benefit to the reading public, especially to younger readers, at home. While at the University of Wisconsin, where I continued my academic life after having left the University of Iowa, its better equipped library tempted me frequently to undertake the difficult task of editing the views of foreign observers of Japan. I found, however, that it would be too ambitious a task to assume amid the host of daily duties required of a university student.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, a period of idleness since the spring of 1903 has been imposed upon me, because of an oft-recurring illness. A year of enforced leisure which has been spent on the Pacific Coast, mostly at Seattle, has afforded me a unique opportunity to execute my long-

cherished plan. Although libraries to which I had access were not of sufficient scope yet the materials I had gathered from all available sources were thought sufficient to form a book of considerable size. The collection is, of course, far from being exhaustive, but is, I hope, none the less interesting. In any event, I have taken care to make it represent most of the prominent writers on Japan, so far as it lies within my power.

Being intended as reading for students of English, this book has given no space to Continental writers who have written in languages other than English. However, a few authoritative English translations of some German writings have been selected. In view, also, of the fact that this book was primarily conceived to furnish the younger element of our nation with wholesome reading, I have deliberately avoided quoting criticisms and observations on such matters as might offend a keen sense of propriety.

In editing this book, my attitude towards different writers has been that of an impartial reader; making no discrimination between views favorable or unfavorable to Japan, between correct or incorrect representation. As can be understood from its title, this work has been so planned as to voice fairly all conflicting and contradictory opinions which have come under my notice. Approval or disapproval on my part of such opinions has had nothing to do with the present undertaking. Even malignant and sinister criticisms of us would have been included had they been found in my reading. If in this book friendly opinions overbalance adverse

criticisms, it is not because I was reluctant to give due regard to the latter. The fact is that I have endeavored without much success to find as many discouraging as encouraging views. Eulogists are abundant, but denunciators rare. The most the alien critic has said against us is that we lack the sense of modesty and sobriety; that our merchants do not possess business-like qualities, being petty, shilly-shallying and untrustworthy; that the inhabitants of Nippon have no interest in metaphysical problems. But even for such charges as these most of them find apologists of one sort or another. Think of Lafcadio Hearn, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mrs. Hugh Fraser, Arthur Diosy, Edward S. Morse, and you will easily realize what panegyrics and eulogies foreign friends have lavished upon us. This list will be lengthened to a much greater degree if you enumerate authors who are less enthusiastic or less prominent. While such laudatory terms contain a certain amount of truth, we should be slow to approve them without discrimination. To be sure, there is not less superficiality in the excessive praise lavished upon us than in the harshest criticism. I must be more than disappointed if the Japanese reader of this book is not reflective enough to consider whether there is reality behind the commendation uttered by the foreign admirers of Japan, but carelessly allows himself to be flattered into the belief that his country has attained a state of civilisation far superior to that of Western nations, thus falling into that most deplorable sort of arrogance—national egotism or chauvinism, and prejudice. When we read glowing words of praise, we must not rejoice but

meditate. If we come across acrimonious utterance flung in our faces, we should calmly reflect instead of frowning or ignoring them. There can never be a great future for a nation which is reluctant to recognize its faults and shortcomings. Conforming to the dictum of the great moral Teacher, we should hesitate to behold the mote in others' eyes, and always be ready to consider the beam in our own.

Were I to write a book on America or any other foreign country I would rather be blamed as an indulgent observer than be called a harsh critic. Such would be the safest course for one who writes about a nation whose moral conceptions and ideals, and manners and customs, are as widely different from his own as heaven is from earth. Is it not greatly due to a similar precaution that foreign writers have been ever generous towards us? Moreover, to a more critical and thoughtful reader it ought to be clear enough that even in agreeable compliments of foreign writers on Japan there lurks some thought which is not after all pleasing to us. Many an Edwin Arnold has become enamoured* of the Land of the Rising Sun, or rather of some one in it, and, as Stafford Ransome aptly says, endeavoured to Japonify himself at short notice and without being able to speak a word of Japanese. Are we really complimented when such an author as this tells the world that Japan is peopled with dear giggling dolls, living in dear little miniature houses made of card board, and eating fairy food out of miniature dishes? Has any writer attributed to us that solid and endurable nature, that sturdy and strenuous quality, which forms the back-

bone of a strong nation? Are artistic proclivities, gracefulness, neatness, fine manners, engaging courtesy—are these *per se* elements that make a great nation? Have we any reason to rejoice when a man like M. Pierre Loti seems to take Japan as a bright and fascinating freak of geography and ethnology? To be brief, Japan is or at least has been, in the eyes of most of her admirers, like an innocent sweet damsel to be petted and played with, and not like a strong man commanding the respect of all who come in contact with him.

He who has been delighted with the charming compliments expressed by the writers represented in this book is more than likely to feel that he was gravely deceived by those authors when he goes abroad and becomes acquainted with the disagreeable, almost hostile, attitude of ordinary people towards him and his country. The moment he lands at a foreign port especially at such places on the Pacific coast of America as Seattle and San Francisco, he will be *welcomed* by the vilest sort of epithets. The wild “kid” will call him “John Chinaman,” the street loafer will whisper in his ears such indecent names as will make him blush with mingled feelings of anger and shame, and the press will print in big staring letters such slipshod vulgarisms as “Jap,” “little brown man,” and the like. He will find all these and hundreds of other disagreeable things in countries where he expected to meet the most flattering and delightful compliments. To a reader such as he I must explain that those foreigners who have studied and endeavoured to understand Japan form a mere fraction as compared

with the great mass among which prevails dense ignorance regarding things Japanese. The favorable sentiment expressed in most of the articles contained in this book is that of the *learned* class of foreigners, but not that prevalent among common people.

The present war with Russia will no doubt greatly assist in introducing Japan to a vastly wider circle of foreign acquaintances and in doing away with many of the misunderstandings that have been preventing the Westerners from establishing a closer friendship with the *greatest of all the Oriental races*. The China-Japan war has already proved of some service in a similar direction. The pending conflict immensely vaster in its significance and magnitude will work out a result infinitely greater. The Japanese of New Japan are anxious almost to a man, if I mistake not, to see their country cease to be regarded as a land inhabited by dear little doll-like people, as the land of miniature landscape gardens, of quaint tea-houses, and of weird temples. Who is to blame, even after our victories over the Great Northern Power, for that popular misconception that we are only pretty weaklings, and how shall we force the foreigner to believe that "the steam-whistle, the newspaper, the voting-tablet, the postal-box at every street-corner and even in remote villages, the clerk in shop and bank and public office hastily summoned from our side to answer the ring of the telephone bell, the railway replacing the palanquin, the iron-clad replacing the war-junk,—that these and a thousand other startling changes testify that Japan is transported ten thousand miles away from her former moorings?"

My labour will be more than rewarded if the foreign reader of this book lays hold of the fact that the Japanese of the new school do not care to be exploited for those old, quaint, and beautiful 'things Japanese;' that they want to be something else, and something else than what they have been; while the Japanese reader bears in mind that upon his shoulders rests the grave responsibility of realizing the Greater Japan which is no longer the habitation of dear little weaklings.

I should not conclude this note without acknowledging my indebtedness to Mrs. Alberta Kristoferson of Seattle, whose interest in my work and well-being has facilitated the attempt of editing this book. I must also express my affectionate gratitude to my friend Prof. T. Murai who has rendered me invaluable assistance in the publication of this book. Besides various other services, he has read the proof from the beginning to the end—the most uninteresting part of the multifarious processes of book-publishing.

KARL KIYOSHI KAWAKAMI.

Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.

May 1904.



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FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN.—I.

Friday, November 15th, 1878.

Land ahoy! The islands of Japan are in sight, and the entrance to the bay is reached at 4 P.M. The sail up this bay is never to be forgotten. The sun set as we entered, and then came such a sky as Italy cannot rival. I have seen it pictured as deluging Egypt with its glory, but we have yet to see. Fusi-yama itself shone forth under its rays, its very summit clear, more than 14,000 feet above us. The clouds in large masses lay east and west of the peak, but cowering far below, as if not one speck dared to rise to its crown. It stood alone in solitary grandeur, by far the most impressive mountain I have yet seen; for mountains, as a rule, are disappointing, the height being generally attained by gradations. It is only to Fusi-yama, and such as it, rising alone in one unbroken pyramid, that one can apply Schiller's grand line,

“Ye are the things which tower,”

Fusiyama towers beyond any crag or peak I know of ; and I do not wonder that in early days the Japanese made the home of their gods upon its crest.

It was nine o'clock when the anchor dropped, and in a few minutes after small boats crowded alongside to take us ashore. Until you are rowed in style, in a *sampan* never flatter yourself you have known the grotesque in the way of transportation. Fancy a large, wide canoe, with a small cabin in the stern, the deck in front lower than the sides, and on this four creatures, resembling nothing on earth so much as the demons in the *Black Crook*, minus most of the covering. They stand two on each side, but not in a line, and each works a long oar scull-fashion, accompanying each stroke with shouts such as we never heard before ; the last one steers as well as sculls with his oar, and thus we go propelled by these yelling devils, who apparently work themselves into a state of fearful excitement. We land finally, pass the Custom House without examination, and with sea-legs which are far from steady reach our hotel. A bite of supper—but what fearful creatures again to bow and wait on us ! More demons. We laugh every minute at some funny performance, and wonder where we can be ; but how surprisingly good everything is which we eat or drink on land after twenty-two days at sea !—Andrew Carnegie,* *Round the World*, p.p. 34-36.

* 米國有名の富豪カーネギーは千八百七十八年十月十二日紐育を發し世界漫遊の途に上り桑港より太平洋を横つて十一月十五日横濱に着し日本に觀光すること二週間許にして支那に向へり此の文章は彼が横濱に達したる當時の初感を記したるものなり

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF JAPAN.—II.

November 19th, 1878.

We have been three days in Japan, and all we can tell you is that we are powerless to convey more than the faintest idea of that which meets us at every turn. Had we to return to-morrow, we should still feel that we had been fully compensated for our journey. Though we have seen most of the strange and novel which Europe has to show, a few hours' stroll in Yokohama or Tokio has revealed to us more of the unexpected than all we ever saw elsewhere. No country I have visited till now has proved as strange as I had imagined it; the contrary obtains here. All is so far beyond what I had pictured it that I am constantly regretting so few of my friends will probably ever visit Japan to see and enjoy for themselves. Let me try to describe a walk. We are at the hotel door, having received the repeated bows, almost to the ground, of numerous demons. A dozen big fellows rush up, each between the shafts of his "jinrikshaw" like a cab-horse, and invite us to enter, just as cabmen do elsewhere. But look at their costume, or shall I rather say want of costume? No shoes, unless a mat of straw secured with straw strings twisted around and between the big toe and the next one may be called a shoe; legs and body bare, except a narrow strip of rag around the loins; and such a hat! it is either of some dark material, as big as the head

of a barrel (I do not exaggerate), to shelter them from sun and rain, or a light straw flat of equal size. These are the Bettoes, who will run and draw you eighteen miles in three hours and a quarter, this being the distance and time by "jinrikshaw" to Tokio. We decline their proffers and walk on. What is this? A man on stilts! His shoes are composed of a flat wooden sole about a quarter of an inch thick, on which the foot rests, elevated upon two similar pieces of board, about four inches high, placed crosswise about three inches apart. On the edges of these cross-pieces he struts along. A second has solid wooden pieces of equal height, a third has flat straw shoes, a fourth has none. Look out behind! What is this noise? "Hulda, hulda, hulda!" shouted in our ears. We look around, and four coolies, as naked as Adam, one at each corner of a four-wheel truck, pushing a load of iron and relieving themselves at every step by those unearthly groans. Never have we seen that indispensable commodity transported in that fashion before. But look there! A fishmonger comes with a basket swinging on each end of a bamboo pole carried over the shoulder—all single loads are so carried—and yonder goes a water-carrier, carrying his stoups in the same manner, while over his shoulders he has flung a coat that would make the reputation of a clown in the circus. The dress of the women is not so varied, but their painted lips and whitened necks, and, in the case of the married women, their blackened teeth, afford us much cause for staring, although I cannot bear to look upon these hideous-looking wretches when they smile; I have to turn my eyes away.

How women can be induced to make such disgusting frights of themselves I cannot conceive, but Fashion—Fashion does anything. The appearance of the children is comical in the extreme. They are so thickly padded with dress upon dress as to give them the look of little fat Esquimaux. The women invariably carry them on their backs, Indian fashion. Here are two Japs meeting in the middle of the street. They bow three times, each inclination lower and more profound than the preceding one, infinite care being taken to drop the proper number of inches befitting their respective ranks, and then shake their own hands in token of their joy. We soon reach the region of the shops. These are small booths, and squat on the floor sit four or five men and women around a brazier, warming their hands while they smoke. All the shops are of wood, but a small part is constructed of mud, and is said to be fire-proof. Into this the valuables are instantly thrown when one of the very frequent fires occurs. The floors are matted, and kept scrupulously clean. No one thinks of entering without first taking his shoes off. The shop floors are raised about eighteen inches above the street, and on the edges purchasers sit sidewise and make their bargains. The entire street is a pavement, as no horses are to be provided for.—Andrew Carnegie,* *Round the World*, p.p. 36-38.

* 是の一章もカーチギーが横濱にての所感を記せるものなり、*Round the World* は元々カーチギーが世界漫遊の土産として其朋友知己に頒つ爲め自費を以て非賣品として出版したるものなれども其文章頗る興味あり世間之を讀まんを欲する者甚だ多かりし爲め其後倫敦の一書肆より賣品として出版せり

JAPAN OLD AND NEW.

Whatever you do, don't expatiate, in the presence of Japanese of the new school, on those old, quaint, and beautiful things Japanese which rouse your most genuine admiration. Antiquated persons do doubtless exist here and there to whom Buddhist piety is precious ; others may still secretly cherish the swords bequeathed to them by their knightly forefathers ; quite a little coterie has taken up with art ; and there are those who practise the tea ceremonies, arrange flowers according to the traditional esthetic rules, and even perform the mediæval lyric dramas. But all this is merely a backwater. Speaking generally, the educated Japanese have done with their past. They want to be somebody else and something else than what they have been and still partly are. When Sir Edwin Arnold came to Tokyo, he was entertained at a banquet by a distinguished company including officials, journalists, and professors, in fact, representative modern Japanese of the best class. In returning thanks for this hospitality, Sir Edwin made a speech in which he lauded Japan to the skies—and lauded it justly—as the nearest approach to Paradise or to Lotusland—so fairy-like, said he, is its scenery, so exquisite its art, so much more lovely still that almost divine sweetness of disposition, that charm of demeanour, that politeness humble without servility and elaborate without affectation, which place Japan high above all other countries in nearly all those things that make life worth living. (We do

not give his exact words, but we give the general drift.)—Now, do you think that the Japanese were satisfied with this meed of praise? Not a bit of it. Out comes an article next morning in the chief paper which had been represented at the banquet—an article acknowledging, indeed, the truth of Sir Edwin's description, but pointing out that it conveyed, not praise, but pitiless condemnation. Art forsooth, scenery, sweetness of disposition! cries this editor. Why did not Sir Edwin praise us for huge industrial enterprises, for commercial talents, for wealth, political sagacity, powerful armaments? Of course it is because he could not honestly do so. He has gauged us at our true values, and tells us in effect that we are only pretty weaklings.

Since Sir Edwin Arnold's time, doubtless, the China war has been fought and won, and has proved to an astonished world and to the Japanese themselves that they are no weaklings, but extremely plucky, practical men. Since his time, too, Japan's sunny towns and even her green valleys have been darkened by the smoke of factory and chimneys, and the flag of her merchant marine has been seen on every sea. Nevertheless, the feeling above alluded to persists, and to us it appears perfectly natural under the circumstances. For, after all, Japan must continue ever more and more to modernise herself if the basis of her new departure is to remain solid, if her swiftly growing ambition is to be gratified, and if her minister of finance is to be able to make both ends meet. Besides which, our European world of thought, of enterprise, of colossal scientific achievement, has been as much a

wonder-world to the Japanese as Old Japan could ever be to us. There is this difference, however. Old Japan was to us a delicate little wonder-world of sylphs and fairies. Europe and America, with their railways, their telegraphs, their gigantic commerce, their gigantic armies and navies, their endless applied arts founded on chemistry and mathematics, were to the Japanese a wonder-world of irresistible genii and magicians. The Japanese have, it is true, evinced less appreciation of our literature. They esteem us whimsical for attaching so much importance as we do to poetry, to music, to religion, to speculative disquisitions. Our material greatness has completely dazzled them, as well it might. They know also well enough—for every Eastern nation knows it—that our Christian and humanitarian professions are really nothing but bunkum. The history of India, of Egypt, of Turkey, is no secret to them. Equally familiar is the sweet reasonableness of California's treatment of the Chinese, while poor little Hawaii seems likely to be gobbled up under their very noses. They would be blind indeed, did they not see that their best security for safety and success lies in the endeavor not to be too different from the rest of mankind; for the mob of Western nations will tolerate eccentricity of appearance no more than will a mob of roughs.

Indeed, scarcely any even among those who implore the Japanese to remain as they are, refrain, as a matter of fact, from urging them to make all sorts of changes. "Japanese dress for ladies is simply perfection," we hear one of these persons cry; "only don't you think that

gloves might be added with advantage? And then, too, ought not something to be done with the skirt to prevent it from opening in the front, just for the sake of decency you know?"—Says another, whose special vanity is Japanese music (there is considerable distinction about this taste, for it is a rare one)—says he—"Now please keep your music from perishing. Keep it just as it is, so curious to the archæologist, so beautiful, for all that the jeerers may say. There is only one small thing which I would advise you to do, and that is to harmonise it. Of course that would change its character a little. But no one would notice it, and the general effect would be improved."—Yet another, an enthusiast for *faience*, wishes Japanese decorative methods to be retained, but to be applied to French forms, because no cup or plate made in Japan is so perfectly round as are the products of French kilns. A fourth delights in Japanese brocade, but suggests new breadths, in order to suit making up into European dresses. A fifth wants to keep Japanese painting exactly as it is, but with the trivial addition of perspective. A sixth—but a truce to the quoting of these self-confuting absurdities. Put into plain English, they mean, "Do so-and-so, only don't do it. Walk north, and at the same time take care to proceed in a southerly direction."

Meanwhile the Japanese go their way. Who could expect that either their social conditions or their arts should remain unaltered when all the causes which produced the Old Japan of our dreams have vanished? Feudalism has gone, isolation has gone, beliefs have been

shattered, new idols have been set up, new and pressing needs have arisen. In the place of chivalry there is industrialism, in the place of a small class of aristocratic native connoisseurs there is a huge and hugely ignorant foreign public to satisfy. All the causes have changed, and yet it is expected that the effects will remain as heretofore!

No. Old Japan is dead, and the only decent thing to do with the corpse is to bury it. Then you can set up a monument over it, and, if you like, come and worship from time to time at the grave; for that would be quite "Japanesy." This unpretentious book is intended to be, as it were, the epitaph recording the many and extraordinary virtues of the deceased,—his virtues, but also his frailties. For, more careful of fact than the generality of epitaphists, we have ventured to speak out our whole mind on almost every subject, and to call things by their names, being persuaded that true appreciation is always critical as well as kindly.—B. H. Chamberlain, *Things Japanese*,* p p. 2-7.

THE MOST PARADOXICAL RACE.

The Japanese are the enigma of this century; the most inscrutable, the most paradoxical of races. They and their outward surroundings are so picturesque, theatrical,

* 本書の第一版は十年許前に出版せられ第二版は千八百九十一年に、第三版は千八百九十八年に出版せられたり、茲に抜華せるは本書の緒言中の數節なり著者が我帝國大學の教授たることは廣く人の知る所なり

and artistic that at moments they appear a nation of *poseurs*—all their world a stage, and all their men and women merely players; a trifling, superficial, fantastic people, bent on nothing but pleasing effects. Again, the Occidental is as a babe before the deep mysteries, the innate wisdom, the philosophies, the art, the thought, the subtle refinements of this finest branch of the yellow race. To generalize, to epitomize is impossible; for they are so opposite and contradictory, so unlike all other Asiatic peoples, that analogy fails. They are at once the most sensitive, artistic, and mercurial of human beings, and the most impassible, conventional, and stolid; at once the most logical, profound, and conscientious, and the most irrational, superficial, and indifferent; at once the most stately, solemn, and taciturn, and the most playful, whimsical, and loquacious. While history declares them aggressive, cruel, and revengeful, experience proves them yielding, merciful, and gentle. The same centuries in which was devised the elaborate refinement of *cha no yu* saw tortures, persecutions, and battle-field butcheries unparalleled. The same men who spent half their lives in lofty meditation, in indicting poems, and fostering art, devoted the other half to gross pleasures, to hacking their enemies in pieces, and watching a *hara kiri* with delight. Dreaming, procrastinating, and referring all things to that mythical *mionichi* (to-morrow), they can yet amaze one with a wizard-like rapidity of action and accomplishment. The same spirit which built the Shinagawa forts during the three months of Commodore Perry's absence at times animates the most dilatory tradesmen and coolies.

There is no end to the surprises of Japanese character, and the longer the foreigner lives among them the less does he understand the people, and the less do his facts contribute to any explanation. Their very origin is mysterious, their Ainos the rock on which ethnologists founder. Their physical types present so many widely differing peculiarities that one cannot believe in any common source, or in the preservation of the race from outside influences for so many centuries. Some coolies possess the finely-cut features, perfectly-modelled surfaces, and proudly-set head of a Roman emperor. Some peer exhibits the features, the stolidity, and the slow, guttural articulation of a Sioux Indian, and it is common to see coolies identical in figure and countenance with the native races of the north-west coast of America. One group of children might come from an Alaskan village, and in another group frolic the counterparts of Richter's fisher boys of Italy. At times the soft, musical speech flows like Italian; at other times it is rough and harsh, and rumbles with consonants.

Their very simplicity, their childlike naivete, deceives one into a conviction of their openness, while a mysterious, invisible, unconquerable barrier rises forever between us and them. The divergence of life and thought began in Western Asia too many ages since for the races that followed the setting sun to find, at this late day, the clew to the race that sought the source of the sun's rising. China, which once gave the Japanese their precepts and models and teachers, shows now more differences than resemblances. Far as the pupils have departed from the tradi-

tions of the instructor, there yet remains a celestial conservatism, a worship of dry formality, and a respect for the conventional which the new order overcomes but slowly. The missionaries in China, who have to contend against the apathy or open hostility and the horrible surroundings of the native population, greatly admire the Japanese, and envy their colleagues who live in so beautiful a country, among so clean, courteous, and friendly a people, so eager to learn and so quick to acquire. It is true that foreign merchants and officials in China laud the superior qualities of the Celestial, and infer a superficiality and want of seriousness in the Japanese; but the alien who has dwelt in Japan experiences a new homesickness when he exchanges a Japanese port for one across the Yellow Sea, with "Nanking" instead of "Nippon" servitors about him. The Japanese make an unconscious appeal to the sentiment deeper than mere admiration, but the secret of the fascination they exercise defies analysis—Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*, p.p. 369-371.

THE IMPERMANENT CHARACTER OF THINGS JAPANESE.

Generally speaking, we construct for endurance, the Japanese for impermanency. Few things for common use are made in Japan with a view to durability. The

straw sandals worn out and replaced at each stage of a journey ; the robe consisting of a few simple widths loosely stitched together for wearing, and unstitched again for washing ; the fresh chop-sticks served to each new guest at a hotel ; the light shoji frames serving at once for windows and walls, and repapered twice a year ; the mattings renewed every autumn,—all these are but random examples of countless small things in daily life that illustrate the national contentment with impermanency.

What is the story of a common Japanese dwelling ? Leaving my home in the morning, I observe, as I pass the corner of the next street crossing mine, some men setting up bamboo poles on a vacant lot there. Returning after five hours' absence, I find on the same lot the skeleton of a two-story house. Next forenoon I see that the walls are nearly finished already,—mud and wattles. By sundown the roof has been completely tiled. On the following morning I observe that the mattings have been put down, and the inside plastering has been finished. In five days the house is completed. This, of course, is a cheap building ; a fine one would take much longer to put up and finish. But Japanese cities are for the most part composed of such common buildings. They are as cheap as they are simple.

I cannot now remember where I first met with the observation that the curve of the Chinese roof might preserve the memory of the nomad tent. The idea haunted me long after I had ungratefully forgotten the book in which I found it ; and when I first saw, in Izumo, the

singular structure of the old Shinto temples, with queer cross-projections at their gable-ends and upon their roof-ridges, the suggestion of the forgotten essayist about the possible origin of much less ancient forms returned to me with great force. But there is much in Japan besides primitive architectural traditions to indicate a nomadic ancestry for the race. Always and everywhere there is a total absence of what we would call solidity; and the characteristics of impermanence seem to mark almost everything in the exterior life of the people, except, indeed, the immemorial costume of the peasant and the shape of the implements of his toil. Not to dwell upon the fact that even during the comparatively brief period of her written history Japan has had more than sixty capitals of which the greater number have completely disappeared, it may be broadly stated that every Japanese city is rebuilt within the time of a generation. Some temples and a few colossal fortresses offer exceptions; but, as a general rule, the Japanese city changes its substance, if not its form, in the lifetime of a man. Fires, earthquakes, and many other causes partly account for this; the chief reason, however, is that houses are not built to last. The common people have no ancestral homes. The dearest spot to all is, not the place of birth, but the place of burial; and there is little that is permanent save the resting-places of the dead and the sites of the ancient shrines.

The land itself is a land of impermanence. Rivers shift their courses, coasts their outline, plains their level: volcanic peaks heighten or crumble; valleys are blocked

by lava-floods or landslides ; lakes appear and disappear. Even the matchless shape of Fuji, that snowy miracle which has been the inspiration of artists for centuries, is said to have been slightly changed since my advent to the country ; and not a few other mountains have in the same short time taken totally new forms. Only the general lines of the land, the general aspects of its nature, the general character of the seasons, remain fixed. Even the very beauty of the landscapes is largely illusive,—a beauty of shifting colors and moving mists. Only he to whom those landscapes are familiar can know how their mountain vapors make mockery of real changes which have been, and ghostly predictions of other changes yet to be, in the history of the archipelago.

The gods, indeed, remain,—haunt their homes upon the hills, diffuse a soft religious awe through the twilight of their groves, perhaps because they are without form and substance. Their shrines seldom pass utterly into oblivion, like the dwellings of men. But every Shinto temple is necessarily rebuilt at more or less brief intervals ; and the holiest,—the shrine of Ise,—in obedience to immemorial custom, must be demolished every twenty years, and its timbers cut into thousands of tiny charms, which are distributed to pilgrims.—Lafcadio Hearn,* *Kokoro*, p.p. 18-22.

* 著者は曩きに出雲中學校の英語教師たり後には東京大學の教師となり大に日本を愛する人なりし事は恰く人の知る所なり

INDIFFERENCE TO NUDITY.

We are so accustomed to regarding Oriental races as barbarous or half-civilized, that it is a wholesome check to our vanity to dwell occasionally on those things in which we are barbarians and the Asiatics civilized. In their attitude toward nudity, and in their bathing habits, the Japanese are far superior to ourselves as a nation; yet their indifference to nudity and some of their bathing customs were largely responsible for the moral misrepresentations to which foreign visitors have given vogue. Explorers and students of anthropology have pointed out that tribes which go naked are not a bit less moral than those which wear clothing. Yet these visitors fancied that because Japanese men and women were seen together naked in the public baths, therefore they must be as degraded as Americans or Europeans who would do such a thing must necessarily be with our ideas of propriety. Even so intelligent a man as Commodore Perry made this mistake. Writing of Shimoda, he says, "A scene at one of the public baths, where the sexes mingled indiscriminately, unconscious of their nudity, was not calculated to impress Americans with a favorable opinion of the morals of the inhabitants." Laurence Oliphant notes, without comment, that when his party passes along the streets of Yeddo, "bathers of both sexes, regardless of the fact that they had nothing on but soap, or the Japanese substitute for it, crowded the doors" to

get a glimpse of the foreigners. Sir Rutherford Alcock refers to "the bathing houses, which, strongly lighted, show through their lattice bars and open doors a crowd of both sexes on opposite sides, with a mathematical line of separation;" but he is broad-minded enough to explain that "where there is no *SENSE* of immodesty, no consciousness of wrong-doing, there is, or may be, a like absence of depraved feeling."

It is characteristic of the Japanese that when Commodore Perry expressed his surprise at the promiscuous bathing at Simoda, they told him that it was not a universal practice throughout Japan! They would rather tell a lie than have a visitor think ill of them, though they doubtless wondered why he should be so absurdly fussy. It was this sensitiveness to foreign opinion that led the Governor of Kanagawa in 1867 to post this notice:—

"Those who come from diverse places to Yokohama, and make their living as porters, carters, laborers, coolies, and boatmen, are in the habit, especially in the summer, of plying their calling in a state bordering on nudity. This is very reprehensible; and in future no one who does not wear a shirt or tunic, properly closed by a girdle, will be allowed to remain in Yokohama. The coolie masters are to give liberal assistance for the suppression of such people."

The historian Black, from whose work the above edict is quoted, thus comments on the then prevalent habit of going about with only a loin cloth: "No Japanese ever saw any impropriety in it until we pointed it out to them,

And they altered it to please us." I am sure it was a foolish thing on the part of the amiable Japanese to make this concession to the false modesty of foreigners. Instead of passing the general law of 1872 against nudity, they should have replied to their censors somewhat in this fashion: "In a climate where even those who remain idle in the shade are covered with a profuse perspiration which, on account of the damp air, evaporates very slowly, or not at all, clothing of any sort is a torture to those who have to toil in the sun ten or more hours a day. The well-to-do are more or less dressed anyway, but the coolies must be allowed to go naked, for the sake of their health as well as their comfort; and if any foreigners see any harm in this, they are at liberty to leave by the next steamer. Nudity is essential to the health of the coolies, on account of their profuse perspiration. Your physiological science tells us that we breathe through the pores of the skin quite as much as through the lungs; but if the skin is swathed in wet clothing, how can its pores breathe? A coolie cannot be clean unless he is naked; and do you not say that cleanliness is next to godliness? It is from this point of view that we can understand why in some parts of India there is, according to an English writer, 'a profound suspicion of the *irreligiousness* of clothing.' Anthropology proves that it was not modesty, but the necessity of protection against cold, that led to the adoption of clothing. It has been found in Java that the children of foreigners do not thrive unless they are allowed to go naked. If the English in India would allow their children to go naked, they would not have to send them

to the mountains or to Europe to save their lives. Only those who submit to the laws of nature are found fit to survive.

“ Furthermore, the attitude of various nations toward nudity is purely a matter of convention. Mohammedan women think it sinful to show their faces, but uncover their legs without hesitation. Chinese women consider it shockingly immodest to let any one see their crippled feet. Hindoo women hide their faces, while their figures are clearly revealed through their transparent gauze dresses. Plato, whom Christians honor as one of the greatest of philosophers said that young men and women should see each other naked in order to be able to see what sort of a person they are to marry. The Greeks in general whom you honor as the most civilized nation of all times would have been as much surprised as we are at your prudish horror of nudity.

“ Remember the mote and the beam. One of your own writers says that ‘ to a Japanese the sight of one of our dazzling ball rooms with girls in décolleté dresses, clasped in the arms of their partners, and whirling to the sound of exciting music, must seem the wildest debauch imaginable ; for in Japan the sexes, except among the lower classes, never intermingle.’ Another of your writers, a woman, has summed up the matter admirably in these words : ‘ According to the Japanese standard, any exposure of the person that is merely incidental to health, cleanliness, or convenience in doing necessary work, is perfectly modest and allowable ; but an exposure, no matter how slight, that is simply for show, is in the

highest degree indelicate.....To the Japanese mind it is immodest to want to show off a pretty figure.' Your 'living pictures' would be strongly condemned by us. You will be able to appreciate all these points more easily when you bear in mind your own variable standards. If your women should reveal their bosoms on the beach as they do in a ballroom, they would be denounced as immodest; if they should expose their legs in a ballroom as they do on the beach, they would be handed over to the police."

As a matter of fact, neither the American ball dress nor the bathing costume is immodest, whatever Japanese may think of it; and, conversely, Japanese exposure is perfectly proper, whatever we may think of it. To a pure mind there is much more modesty in the unconscious nudity of rural women than in the conscious gesture with which a Tokyo girl covers her bosom whenever she sees a foreigner. It is suprising how quickly foreigners usually adopt the naïve Japanese point of view: in a few weeks one looks on nakedness with the same indifference as the Japanese, except when a beautiful figure arrests the esthetic attention. Our artists go into rapture over the fine opportunities for the study of muscles in action afforded in Japan. The reader will find in Miss Bird's *Unbeaten Tracks* (I. 305) an amusing illustration of how even such a model of propriety as that distinguished tourist found herself taking the part of her runners against the police trying to enforce the cruel law against nudity.—Henry T. Finck, *Lotus-Time in Japan*, pp. 286-290.

THE JAPANESE GIRL.

The Japanese girl! She is a creature of so many attractive contradictions, with her warm heart, her quick brain, and her terribly narrow experience; with her submissions and self-effacements which have become second nature, and her brave revolts when first nature takes the upper hand again and courage is too strong for custom—perhaps it is too soon yet for me to speak of her to any purpose, and yet I want to tell you how deeply she interests me, how I believe in her, and hope for her in the new developments which the next few years will bring forth. The books I have read on Japan have always had a great deal to say about the *Musume*, the pretty, plebeian tea-house girl, or the *Geisha*, the artist, the dancer, the witty, brilliant *hetaira* of Japan. I suppose these are about as unrepresentative of the normal Japanese women as a music-hall singer would be of the European sister of charity. That they are very much less objectionable than the corresponding classes at home is doubtless due to the innate refinement of the Japanese woman; but what a gulf is set between them and the girls of whom I would speak—girls surrounded with punctilious care, and brought up with one inflexible standard always kept before their eyes, the whole law of Duty! Inclination may never govern their conduct after they have arrived at years of reason, early reached in Japan; and if they are the brightest children, the most

faithful wives, the most devoted mothers, always serene, industrious, smiling, it surely is because Duty is justified of her children.

I think that the simple unfettered life led by the little children here gives the girls a happy foundation to start on, as it were. There is no scolding and punishing, no nursery disgrace, no shutting away of the little ones day after day in dull nurseries with selfish, half-educated women, whose mere daily society means torture to a sensitive well-born child. Here, children are always welcome; they come and go as they like, are spoilt, if love means spoiling, by father and mother, relations and servants; but they grow imperceptibly in the right shape; they mould their thoughts and expressions on those of the sovereigns of the home; and one day, without wrench or effort, the little girl is grown into a thoughtful, helpful woman, bent on following the examples of good women gone before her. Very gently but persistently one lesson has been preached to her ever since language meant anything in her ears,—“Give up, love, help others, efface thyself;” and in the still atmosphere of the home with its ever-repeated round of necessary and unpraised duties, in that quiet sunshine of humility, high motives grow and are not pulled up by the roots to be shown to admiring friends, the young heart waxes strong and pure, and should the call to heroic sacrifice sound, a noble woman springs forward to answer it; should it never ring in her ears the world is none the poorer, for a true sweet woman is passing through it, smiling at every duty that meets her on her unnoticed way, leaving a train of gentle,

wholesome memories behind her when the journey ends. In real womanliness, which I take to mean a high combination of sense and sweetness, valour and humility, the Japanese lady ranks with any woman in the world, and passes before most of them.

Her lot as a child and as a young girl is an exceptionally happy one; but it cannot be denied that marriage often brings distinct hardship with it. The mother-in-law is apt to be exigent in the extreme, for, by the time she has reached that dignity, a woman's duties are considered over, the young people must provide for her comfort and amusement, and, in the lower classes especially, it does sometimes happen that a woman who has worked hard all her life and suddenly finds herself comparatively unoccupied, becomes fretful, difficult, and makes the young wife's life anything but a happy one. Also, mothers are mothers all the world over; and where is the woman who ever thought her son's wife good enough for him? It seems hard that the person who really has most to do with the young wife's fate should be, of all others, the one who will certainly depreciate her qualities. I have spoken of the lower classes, because it is there, I think, that the burden is most heavily felt; but the possibility of it exists in every class, family life being always shaped on one traditional model, and human nature, alas! often producing some fretfulness and selfishness in age of which there has been no trace in youth or prime.—Mrs. Hugh Fraser, *Letters From Japan*, pp. 304-309.

JAPANESE CULTIVATION NOT
CIVILIZATION.

Cultivation, however, is not civilization—just as little as it is religion, though each may be powerful civilizing agencies. Both must indeed enter largely into the highest civilization of which man is susceptible, and can hardly be entirely wanting in any. Intellectual culture the Japanese have to no inconsiderable extent. Culture in art, literature, and philosophy,—borrowed or original, does not very materially matter. And there is perhaps a more general diffusion of education than most nations of European stock can boast. But the question is, what kind of culture, and what are its tendencies and influence? If the industrial arts are civilizing agencies, as they undoubtedly are, the fine arts may be so in still higher degree. They are, or *may be so*, for this is a necessary distinction. Art in all its forms, in poetry, painting, statuary, and music, appealing to the moral and emotional side of human nature, may tend to cultivate and develop all the higher moral faculties, or only address themselves to and develop the baser desires and passions. In the one case, they are civilizing agencies of the highest kind ; in the other, they are quite as obviously debasing and discivilizing. Of the influence which art can and does legitimately exercise in promoting man's moral and religious development, making sense, under the guidance of the imagination, subservient to the spirit,

much may be said, and in support of its general cultivation. Yet if we look to Greece, and later still to Rome when it wielded the empire of the world, and art attained a higher excellence in many directions among both pagan races than it has ever reached under Christianity, we cannot but see that a people may have the highest artistic and literary culture, and yet be thoroughly pagan in spirit and brutalised in their lives. For what kind of existence did the Romans, live, whose pastime was the wholesale butcheries of the amphitheatre? The most civilized people of the earth, then, found their chief delight in watching wild beasts rend human beings to pieces;—or men and prisoners pitted against each other for the not less brutal and deadly combat. With Cicero's eloquent and finely rounded periods, with Virgil and Horace's sweet numbers, with statuary and architecture in high perfection, were they—considered in a rational and religious point of view—any better than *barbarians*, making all intellectual culture subservient to the basest uses, and pander only to the grosser senses? Was the Roman patrician with his greasy woolen garments, his disregard of human life and suffering, his ignorance of all feeling of domestic privacy, and of the tastes, habits, and virtues inseparable from it,—his repudiation in war of all the rights of nations, and of the claims of humanity,—with his slaves and his wild beast shows, his scepticism, and disbelief in the immortality of the soul,—really nearer to the ideal of man in his most perfect developement than the Hottentot or the New Zealander of to-day? Immeasurably in advance as to intellectual culture, was

he so by a hair's breadth as a religious, responsible, and moral being? This test applied to nations, and to progress in arts, sciences, commerce, education, political institutions—affords a ready and a certain gauge of the true character and worth of such progress as they seem to indicate. Christianity has afforded a standard wanting to the most cultivated and civilized of ancient nations ;—and by that standard we are bound to weigh all civilization and its various elements, law, politics, education, the condition of women, the mutual relations of classes, the security of property, the prevention of crime, its arts, its science, and its commerce, its institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical,—and pronounce judgment honestly according to the issue.

Viewed in this light what has art, taken in its most comprehensive sense, done for the Japanese? Does it ennoble and civilize by cultivating the moral faculties, or degrade and barbarise by developing the animal passions and all the lower and grosser parts of their emotional nature? We do not know much, anything indeed, of their poetry, and little of their philosophy, except the general fact, that it together with their whole code of moral ethics and much of their jurisprudence is all derived from China and Confucius. Of art in other forms, we can perhaps better judge ; and except so far as it carries with it culture of the mind and intelligence, and gives development to some of the more genial faculties,—to humour, wit, and mirth,—it is to be feared it has small claims in Japan to be considered a valuable civilizing agency in its present developement and application ;

while it does act unquestionably over a wide area of the least cultivated, in pandering to the lower desires, and often to grossness and obscenity. All that creates amusement and innocent mirth, we may admit as good, so far as it goes. So in like manner, whatever tends to refinement; but coarseness and indelicacy are essentially barbarising agencies, and are unmitigated evils. Art in Japan seems to me to contribute to both these results in a large degree, and thus whatever good it effects, may be more than counterbalanced by the unquestioned evil.—Sir Rutherford Alcock, *The Capital of Tycoon*,* vol. II. pp. 254-256.

COMMERCIAL AND SEXUAL MORALITY.

There are two charges, in particular, that are constantly flung in the face of the Japanese by foreign merchants and missionaries—the imputation of commercial and sexual immorality. Yokohama merchants love to contrast the honesty of the Chinese with the rascality of the Japanese. *Apropos*, I have just read an account of a lecture given in London by Mr. A. G. Stanton, of the

* 本書の著者英人アルコック氏は徳川幕府時代に英國の特命全權公使として日本に來り江戸を初めとして廣く關西地方に旅行し三年間觀察の結果本書を著はせり故に本書は維新以前の觀察に基く讀者其の心して讀むべし

condition of the Chinese tea trade. Thirty years ago China had practically the monopoly of the British market, and to-day it supplies only 12 per cent of the imports, mainly because of the commercial dishonesty of the Chinese, their prowling habit of selling "lie tea." No doubt, Japanese merchants are not always models of honesty and reliability; but are *our* merchants? Foreigners at Yokohama tell you that the native traders are apt not to keep their promises "if the market goes against them"; but can you blame a guileless native for trying to get out of a trap which may have been laid for him by sharp "Wall-Street" practices by foreigners who expect to buy in Japan for ten cents and sell in New York or London for a dollar?

Adulteration of food is another form of commercial dishonesty for which the Japanese have been censured. But I doubt very much if Japan could match the report of Special Agent A. J. Wedderburn of the United States Agricultural Department, which reveals the horrible fact that the amount of food adulteration "reaches the immense sum of \$1,014,000,000 annually. As at least 2 per cent of the whole is deleterious to health, \$135,200,000 constitutes the annual amount paid by the American people for sacrifice of their lives or injury of their health."

Sexual immorality is no doubt a most prevalent vice in Japan—as it is in all other countries. It cannot be denied that the foulest stain on Japan's fair name is the historic habit of selling pure, innocent young girls into a life of shame to get their parents out of debt. But it is wrong to judge this barbarous custom entirely from a

Western point of view. It is simply a corollary of the Confucian idea that filial love and obedience are the highest virtues, to which all others even chastity, must be sacrificed. Thus it happens that a certain ethical glamour is thrown around the sacrifice of such girls, who are frequently the heroines of Japanese novels. But it is extremely absurd to infer from this state of affairs that chastity is not esteemed a virtue at all. The fate of such girls is deplored, and the average of chastity is as high as in Europe or America; Prof. Ono's comparative statistics show that crimes of personal violence are far fewer than in the West. By the old laws of Japan, adultery was punished by crucifixion; later by decapitation and exposure of the head. Concubinage, though allowed by law, is considered a degradation.

There is nothing in Japan to compare with the horrible prevalence of incest in the London slums; nothing to compare with the rate of illegitimacy in Vienna, and the *Japan Mail* of May 21st, 1892 says: "The unfortunate truth is that the most flagrantly immoral parts of Japan at present are the slums and neighborhood of the open ports." "Before they opened any port to foreign trade," says the Rev. Mr. Griffis, "the Japanese built two places for the foreigner--a custom house and a brothel.....They believe the foreigners to be far worse than themselves How far were they wrong?"

How far indeed! The New York Medical Journal of June 9th, 1894, contains an article showing on the concurrent testimony of the Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry and Supt. Byrnes, of the Police Department, that the number

of prostitutes in New York is "at least 40,000," and that "the yearly expenditures of dissolute men in New York upon prostitutes would aggregate over \$40,000,000."

Is it not about time to protest against the constant reference to Japanese immorality in missionary reports? "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but not the beam in thine own?"—Henry T. Finck, *Lotos-Time in Japan*, pp. 283-285.

ARTISTIC JAPANESE.

To the whole Far Eastern world science is a stranger. Such nescience is patent even in matters seemingly scientific. For although the Chinese civilization, even in the so-called modern inventions, was already old while ours lay still in the cradle, it was to no scientific spirit that its discoveries were due. Notwithstanding the fact that Cathay was the happy possessor of gunpowder, movable type, and the compass, before such things were dreamt of in Europe, she owed them to no knowledge of physics, chemistry, or mechanics. It was as arts, not as sciences, they were invented. And it speaks volumes for her civilization that she burnt her powder for fireworks, not for firearms. To the West alone belongs the credit of manufacturing that article for the sake of killing people instead of merely killing time.

The scientific is not the Far Oriental point of view. To wish to know the reason of things, that irrepressible yearning of the Western spirit, is no characteristic of the Chinaman's mind, nor is it a Tartar trait. Metaphysics, a species of speculation that has usually proved peculiarly attractive to mankind, probably from its not requiring any scientific capital whatever, would seem the most likely place to seek it. But upon such matters he has expended no imagination of his own, having quietly taken on trust from India what he now professes. As for science proper, it has reached at his hands only the quasi-morphologic stage; that is, it consists of catalogues concocted according to the ingenuity of the individual and resembles the real thing about as much as a haphazard arrangement of human bones might be expected to resemble a man. Not only is the spirit of the subject left out altogether, but the mere outward semblance is misleading. For pseudo-scientific collections of facts which never rise to be classifications of phenomena form to his idea the acme of erudition. His mathematics, for example, consists of a set of empiric rules, of which no explanation is ever vouchsafed the taught for the simple reason that it is quite unknown to the teacher. It is not even easy to decide how much of what there is is Jesuitical. Of more recent sciences he has still less notion, particularly of the natural ones. Physics, chemistry, geology, and the like are matters that have never entered his head. Even in studies more immediately connected with obvious every-day life, such as language, history, customs, it is truly remarkable how little he possesses the power of

generalization and inference. His elaborate lists of facts are imposing typographically, but are not even formally important, while his reasoning about them is as exquisite a bit of scientific satire as could well be imagined.

But with the arts it is quite another matter. While you will search in vain, in his civilization, for explanations of even the most simple of nature's laws, you will meet at every turn with devices for the beautifying of life, which may stand not unworthily beside the products of nature's own skill. Whatever these people fashion, from the toy of an hour to the triumphs of all time, is touched by a taste unknown elsewhere. To stroll down the *Broadway* of Tokio of an evening is a liberal education in every-day art. As you enter it there opens out in front of you a fairy-like vista of illumination. Two long lines of gayly lighted shops, stretching off into the distance, look out across two equally endless rows of torch-lit booths, the decorous yellow gleam of the one contrasting strangely with the demoniacal red flare of the other. This perspective of pleasure fulfils its promise. As your feet follow your eyes you find yourself in a veritable shoppers' paradise, the galaxy of twinkle resolving into worlds of delight. Nor do you long remain a mere spectator; for the shops open their arms to you. No cold glass reveals their charms only to shut you off. Their wares lie invitingly exposed to the public, seeming to you already half your own. At the very first you come to a stop involuntarily, lost in admiration over what you take to be bric-a-brac. It is only afterwards you learn that the object of your ecstasy was the commonest of kitchen crockery.

Next door you halt again, this time in front of some leathern pocket-books, stamped with designs in color to empty you to empty your wallet instantly for more new ones than you will ever have the means to fill. If you do succeed in tearing yourself away purse-whole, it is only to fall a victim to some painted fans of so exquisite a make and decoration that escape short of possession is impossible. Opposed as stubbornly as you may be to idle purchase at home, here you will find yourself the prey of an acute case of shopping fever before you know it. Nor will it be much consolation subsequently to discover that you have squandered your patrimony upon the most ordinary articles of every-day use. If in despair you turn for refuge to the booths, you will have but delivered yourself into the embrace of still more irresistible fascinations. For the nocturnal squatters are there for the express purpose of catching the susceptible. The shops were modestly attractive from their nature, but the booths deliberately make eyes at you, and with telling effect. The very atmosphere is bewitching. The lurid smurkiness of the torches lends an appropriate weirdness to the figure of the uncouthly clad pedlar who, with the politeness of the arch-fiend himself, displays to an eager group the fatal fascinations of some new conceit. Here the latest thing in inventions, a gutta-percha rat, which for reasons best known to the vender, scampers about squeaking with a mimicry to shame the original, holds an admiring crowd spellbound with mingled trepidation and delight. There a native zoetrope, indefatigable round of pleasure, whose top fashioned after a type of a turbine wheel enables a

candle at the centre ingeniously to supply both illumination and motive power at the same time, affords to as many as can find room on its circumference a peep at the composite antics of a consecutively pictured monkey in the act of jumping a box. Beyond this "wheel of life" lies spread out on a mat a most happy family of curios, the whole of which you are quite prepared to purchase *en bloc*. While a little farther on stands a flower show which seems to be coyly beckoning to you as the blossoms nod their heads to an imperceptible breeze. So one attraction fairly jostles its neighbor for recognition from the gay thousands that like yourself stroll past in holiday delight. Chattering children in brilliant colors, voluble women and talkative men in quieter but no less picturesque costumes, stream on in kaleidoscopic continuity. And you, carried along by the current, wander thus for miles with the tide of pleasure-seekers, till, late at night, when at last you turn reluctantly homeward, you feel as one does when wakened from some delightful dream.

Or instead of night, suppose it day and the place a temple. With those who are entering you enter too through the outer gateway into the courtyard. At the farther end rises a building the like of which for richness of effect you have probably never beheld or even imagined. In front of you a flight of white stone steps leads up to a terrace whose parapet, also of stone, is diapered for half its height and open lattice-work the rest. This piazza gives entrance to a building or set of buildings whose every detail challenges the eye. Twelve pillars of snow-white wood sheathed in part with bronze, arranged

in four rows, make, as it were, the bones of the structure. The space between the centre columns lies open. The other triplets are webbed in the middle and connected, on the side and front, by grilles of wood and bronze forming on the outside a couple of embrasures on either side of the entrance, in which stand the guardian Nio, two colossal demons, Gog and Magog. Instead of capitals, a frieze bristling with Chinese lions protects the top of the pillars. Above this in place of entablature rises tier upon tier of decoration, each tier projecting beyond the one beneath, and the topmost of all terminating in a balcony which encircles the whole second story. The parapet of this balcony is one mass of ornament, and its cornice another row of lions, brown instead of white. The second story is no less crowded with carving. Twelve pillars make its ribs, the spaces between being filled with elaborate wood-work, while on top rest more friezes, more cornices, clustered with excrescences of all colors and kinds, and guarded by lions innumerable. To begin to tell the details of so multi-faceted a gem were artistically impossible. It is a jewel of a thousand rays, yet its beauties blend into one as the prismatic tints combine to white. And then, after the first dazzle of admiration, when the spirit of curiosity urges you to penetrate the centre aisle, lo and behold it is but a gate! The dupe of the unexpected splendor, you have been paying court to the means of approach. It is only a portal after all. For as you pass through, you catch a glimpse of a building beyond more gorgeous still. Like in general to the first, unlike it in detail, resembling it only as the mistress may the

maid. But who shall convince of charm by enumerating the features of the face ! From the tiles of its terrace to the encrusted gables that drape it as with some rich bejewelled mantle falling about it in the most graceful of folds, it is the very eastern princess of a building standing in the majesty of her court to give you audience.

A pebbly path, a low flight of stone steps, a pause to leave your shoes without the sill, and you tread in the twilight of reverence upon the moss-like mats within. The richness of its outer ornament, so impressive at first, is, you discover, but prelude to the lavish luxury of its interior. Lacquer, bronze, pigments, deck its ceiling and its sides in such profusion that it seems to you as if art had expanded, in the congenial atmosphere, into a tropical luxuriance of decoration, and grew here as naturally on temples as in the jungle creepers do on trees. Yet all is but setting to what the place contains ; objects of bigotry and virtue that appeal to the artistic as much as to the religious instincts of the devout. More sacred still are the things treasured in the sanctum of the priests. There you will find gems of art for whose sake only the most abnormal impersonality can prevent you from breaking the tenth commandment. Of the value set upon them you can form a distant approximation from the exceeding richness and the amazing number of the silk cloths and lacquered boxes in which they are so religiously kept. As you gaze thus, amid the soul-satisfying repose of the spot at some masterpiece from the brush of Motonobu, you find yourself wondering, in a fanciful sort of way, whether Buddhist contemplation is not after

all only another name, for the contemplation of the beautiful, since devotees to the one are *ex officio* such votaries of the other.

Dissimilar as are these to glimpses of Japanese existence, in one point the bustling street and the hushed temple are alike,—in the nameless grace that beautifies both.—Percival Lowell, *The Soul of the Far East*,* pp. 111-120.

JAPANESE PAINTING A POEM.

A Japanese painting is a poem rather than a picture. It portrays an emotion called up by a scene, and not the scene itself in all its elaborate complexity. It undertakes to give only so much of it as is vital to that particular feeling, and intentionally omits all irrelevant details. It is the expression caught from a glimpse of the soul of nature by the soul of man; the mirror of a mood, passing, perhaps, in fact, but perpetuated thus to fancy. Being an emotion, its intensity is directly proportional to the singleness with which it possesses the thoughts. The Far Oriental fully realizes the power of simplicity. This principle is his fundamental canon of pictorial art. To understand his paintings, it is from this standpoint they

* 本書は千八百八十九年の出版に係る著者は米國人にして本書の外に日本及び朝鮮に關する著述數種あり

must be regarded ; not as soulless photographs of scenery, but as poetic presentations of the spirit of the scenes. The very charter of painting depends upon its not giving us charts. And if with us a long poem be a contradiction in terms, a full picture is with them as self-condemnatory a production. From the contemplation of such works of art as we call finished, one is apt, after he has once appreciated Far Eastern taste, to rise with an unpleasant feeling of satiety, as if he has eaten too much at the feast.

Their paintings, by comparison, we call sketches. Is not our wouldbe slight unwittingly the reverse? Is not a sketch, after all, fuller of meaning, to one who knows how to read it, than a finished affair, which is very apt to end with itself, barren of fruit? Does not one's own imagination elude one's power to portray it? Is it not forever flitting will-o'-the-wisp-like ahead of us just beyond exact definition? For the soul of art lies in what art can suggest, and nothing is half, so suggestive as the half expressed, not even a *double entent*. To hint a great deal by displaying a little is more vital to effect than the cleverest representation of the whole. The art of partially revealing is more telling, even, than the *ars celare artem*. Who has not suspected through a veil a fairer face than the veil ever hid? Who has not been delightedly duped by the semi-disclosures of a dress? The principle is just as true in any one branch of art as it is of the attempted development by one of the suggestions of another. Yet who but has thus felt its force? Who has not had a shock of day-dream desecration on chancing upon an illustrated edition of some book whose story he had laid

to heart? Portraits of people, pictures of places, he does not know, and yet which purport to be his! And I venture to believe that to more than one of us the exquisite pathos of the Bride of Lammermoor is gone when Lucia warbles her woes, be it never so entrancingly, to an admiring house. It almost seems as if the garish publicity of using her name for operatic title were a special intervention of the Muse, that we might the less connect song with story, two sensations that, like two lights, destroy one another by mutual interference.—Percival Lowell, *The Soul of the Far East*, pp. 158-151.

CHARACTERISTICS OF JAPANESE POETRY.

Japanese poetry is, in short, confined to lyrics, and to what, for want of better word, may be called epigrams. It is primarily an expression of emotion. We have amatory verse, poems of longing for home and absent dear ones, praise of love and wine, elegies on the dead, laments over the uncertainty of life. A chief place is given to the beauties of external nature. The varying aspects of the seasons, the sound of purling streams, the snow on Mount Fuji, waves breaking on the beach, seaweed drifting to the shore, the song of the birds, the hum

of the insects, even the croaking of the frogs, the leaping of trout in a mountain stream, the young shoots of the fern in spring, the belling of deer in autumn, the red tints of the maple, moon, flowers, rain, wind, mist, these are among the favorite subjects which the Japanese poet delights to dwell upon. If we add some courtly and patriotic effusions, a vast number of conceits more or less pretty, and a very few poems of a religious cast, the enumeration is tolerably complete. But, as Mr. Chamberlain has observed, there are curious omissions. Sunsets and starry skies, for example, do not appear to have attracted attention. War-songs, strange to say, are almost wholly absent. Fighting and bloodshed are apparently not considered fit themes for poetry.

It is not only in its form and subject-matter that Japanese poetry is limited in its scope. The modern poet of Europe makes free use of the works of the Greek and Roman as models and as storehouses of poetic imagery. Much of his very language comes from the same source. But the poets of Japan have deliberately refrained from utilising in this way the only literature which was known to them. That their refinement of language and choice of subjects are in some measure due to an acquaintance with the ancient literature of China is hardly open to question, but they allow few outward signs of it to appear. Allusions to Chinese literature and history, although not wholly absent, are unfrequent, and the use of Chinese words is strictly tabooed in all poetry of the classical type. There was a substantial reason for this prohibition. The phonetic character of the two

languages is quite different. Chinese is monosyllabic; Japanese as polysyllabic as English. A Chinese syllable has far more complication and variety than those of Japanese words. It may have diphthongs, combinations of consonants and final consonants, none of which are to be found in Japanese, where every syllable consists of a single vowel or of a single consonant followed by a single vowel. It is true that the Japanese, in adopting Chinese vocables, modify them to suit their own phonetic system. But the process of assimilation is incomplete. The two elements harmonize no better than brick and stone in the same building. It is most natural, therefore, for the Japanese to refuse these half-naturalized aliens admission to the sacred precincts of their natural poetry, although by so doing they sacrificed much in fulness and variety of expression, and deprived themselves of a copious store of illustration and allusion to which their prose writers resort even too freely.—W. G. Aston,* *A History of Japanese Literature*, pp. 24-26.

BAKIN'S NOVELS.

Bakin's writings have some obvious merits. They prove, sometimes only too conclusively, that he was a man of great learning, intimately acquainted with the

* 著者アストン氏は英人にしてチェンバレン氏等と相並んで外人中に日本文学の大家と稱せらる本書は千八百八十八年の出版なり

history, religion, literature, and folk-lore both of China and Japan. His style is usually flowing, perspicuous, and elegant, and he possesses a command of the resources of his own tongue unique among his contemporaries. His language is a happy medium between the purism of such writers as Motoori and the semi-Chinese jargon of the later *kangakusha*. It is honourable to him that at a time when phonography was the rule rather than the exception with writers of fiction, his writings are free from all indecency of language, and are invariably moral in their tendency. They alone were excluded from the sweeping prohibitive measure directed against light literature by the Shogun's Government in 1842.

Perhaps the quality which most strikes European readers of Bakin's novels is his prodigious fertility of invention. The number and variety of surprising incidents with which they are crowded can have few parallels. On the other hand, his faults are as glaring as his merits are conspicuous. For the profusion of incidents with which he crowds his pages, he has recourse to his memory as well as to his invention, and, what is worse, he constantly overleaps the bounds of possibility to an extent which tries the patience of the most indulgent reader. The *deus ex machina*, in the shape of a ghost, demon, or supernaturally gifted animal, is in far too frequent requisition. His moral ideals are of the common conventional type of his day and country, the product of the teachings of China grafted on a Japanese stock. His power of delineating character is extremely limited, and reminds us very much of the portrait-painting of Japanese pictorial

art. He has little or no humour, and his wit is mainly of the verbal kind. The sentiment of love is dealt with by him in a way which is to us very unsatisfactory. While he can describe the mischief produced by unlawful passion, and wifely fidelity and devotion are his frequent themes, such things as the gradual growth of the sentiment in man or woman, the ennobling influence of a pure love, and all the more delicate shades of feeling are wholly neglected by him. The pathos which native admirers find in his works fails to move his European readers although they are not insensible to the same quality in other Japanese authors. In short, human nature as depicted by Bakin is far too sophisticated to appeal to our sympathies. He shows us men and women as they might be if constructed on principles derived from the Chinese sages and their Japanese expositors, and goes for his material to books rather than to real life. It is characteristic of him, that unlike many of the dramatists and novelists of his time, he avoids the common speech for his dialogue, and confines himself entirely to the more stilted literary language.

Bakin's style, which is his strong point, is occasionally disfigured by lapses into fine writing adorned with pivot-words and other artifices of Japanese rhetoric irritating to all plain-minded people. Nor can he always resist the temptation of bestowing on his readers tedious displays of his erudition, or of introducing foreign or obsolete words not understood of the people.

It may be a question whether the rhythmical character of much that Bakin has written is a merit or a defect.

It results from the more or less regular alternation of five and seven syllable phrases so often referred to, and produces much the same effect as the blank verse to which some English novelists are addicted. Bakin borrowed it from the popular dramatists of the preceding century ; but while it is obviously in its proper place on the stage, where the words are chanted to a musical accompaniment, it seems a more doubtful kind of ornament in an ordinary romance. Japanese critics have an unqualified admiration for this feature of Bakin's works, and suggest that it entitles the *Hakkenden* to be classed among epic poems.—W. G. Aston, *A History of Japanese Literature*, pp. 361-363.

NAMMIKAWA THE CLOISONNÉ ARTIST.

Nammikawa, the first *cloisonné* artist of the world, has his home, his workshop, and his little garden in a quiet corner of the Awata district. Most visitors never pass beyond his ante-room, as Nammikawa holds his privacy dear, and that small alcove with the black table gives little hint of what lies beyond. The more fortunate visitor follows the master through a dark recess to a large room with two sides open to the garden, and a tiny balcony overhanging a lakelet. He claps his hands, and

big golden carp rise to the surface and gobble the *mochi* thrown them. In that little paradise, barely sixty feet square, are hills, groves, thickets, islands, promontories, and bays, a bamboo-shaded well, and a shrine, while above the farthest screen of foliage rise the green slopes of Maruyama.

A Japanese friend, who described Nammikawa as "the most Japanese and most interesting man in Kyoto," took us to drink tea with him in this charming garden, and, on the hottest afternoon of the hot Kioto summer, we noted neither time nor temperature until the creeping shadows warned us to depart. Old Japan seemed to re-live in the atmosphere of that garden, and a *cha no yu* was no more finished than the single tea-ceremony the master performed there. By the old etiquette a Japanese gentleman never intrusted to any servant the making of tea for a guest, nor allowed the fine art of that simple, every-day process to be exercised unseen. The tea-tray, brought and set before the master, bore a tiny jewel-like tea-pot of old Awata, and the tiny *cloisonné* cups with plain enamelled linings were as richly colored as the circle of the tulip's petals, and smaller far. With them was a small pear-shaped dish, not unlike our gravy-boats, a beautiful bronze *midzu tsugi*, or hot-water pot, and a lacquer box holding a metal tea-caddy filled with the finest leaves from Uji tea-gardens. Taking a scoop of yellow ivory, carved in the shape of a giant tea-leaf, our host filled the little tea-pot with loosely-heaped leaves, and having decanted the hot water into the little pear-shaped pitcher to cool a little, poured it upon the tea-

leaves. Immediately he drew off the palest amber fluid, half filling each cup, and presented them to us, resting on leaf-shaped stands or saucers of damascened metal. The tea was only lukewarm when we received it, but as delicate and exquisitely flavored as if distilled of violets, as rich and smooth as a syrup, the three sips of it constituting a most powerful stimulant. In the discussion of tea-making that followed our Japanese mentor explained to us that to the epicurean tea-drinkers of his country, boiling water was an abomination, as it scorched the leaves, drove out the fine fragrance in the first cloud of steam, and extracted the bitterness instead of the sweetness of the young leaves. "It may be well enough to pour boiling water on the coarse black tea of China's wild shrub," said this delightful Japanese, "but the delicate leaf of *our* cultivated tea-plant does not need it."

With the tea our host offered us large flat wafers of rice and fancy confections in the shape of most elaborate asters and chrysanthemums, too artistic to be eaten without compunction. The cups were refilled with the second and stronger decoction, which set every nerve tingling, and then only were we permitted to see the treasures of Nammikawa's creation. From box and silken bag within bag were produced vases, whose lines, color, lustre, and brilliant intricacy of design made them beautiful beyond praise. They were wrought over with finest traceries of gold, silver, and copper wires, on grounds of dull Naples yellow, soft yellowish-green, a darker-green, or a rich deep-red, wonderful to behold, the polished surface as even and flawless as that of a fine onyx.

One by one some smaller pieces were brought in, in little boxes of smooth white pine, beautifully made and joined. Nammikawa opened first the cotton wadding, then the inevitable wrapping of yellow cloth, and lastly the silken covers and handled with a tender reverence these exquisite creations of his genius, every one of which, when placed on its low teak-wood stand, showed faultless. For two years his whole force was at work on the two sixteen-inch vases which went to the Paris Exposition, and four years were given to the Emperor's order for a pair for his new palace. These bore the imperial emblems, and dragons writhed between chrysanthemums and through conventional flower-circles and arabesques, and the groundwork displayed the splendid red, green, russet, mottled gold, and glistening avanturine enamels, whose secret Nammikawa holds. For it is not only in his fine designs, but in the perfect composition and fusing of his enamels and the gem-like polish that this great artist excels all rivals

In another garden, concealed by a bamboo hedge, is the tiny laboratory, and the one work-room where less than twenty people, all told, execute the master's designs. One etches these patterns on the copper base, following Nammikawa's delicately traced outlines; another bends and fastens the wires on the etched lines, and a third coats the joinings with red oxide that, after firing, unites the wires more firmly to the copper. Others dot the paste into the cell-like spaces, or sit over tubs of water, grinding with fine stones, with charcoal, and deer-horn the surface of the pieces that have been fired. Nammi-

kawa adds the master-touches, and after conducting the final firing, himself gives them the last incomparable polish, after his men have rubbed away for weeks. These workmen come and go as they please, working only when the the spirit moves them, and doing better work, the master believes, when thus left to their own devices. All of them are artists whose skill is a family inheritance, and they have been with Nammikawa for many years. The most skilful of these craftsmen receive one *yen* a day, which is extravagant pay in this land of simple living, and shows in what high esteem they are held. A few women are employed in the polishing and the simpler details, and, while we watched them, were burnishing a most exquisite tea-pot covered with a fine foliated design on pale yellow ground. This treasure had been bought by some connoisseur while the first rough filling of paste was being applied, and he had bided his time for a twelve months, while the slow processes of filling and refilling the cells, and firing and refiring the paste had succeeded one another until it was ready for the first grinding.

Fifty or sixty small pieces, chiefly vases, caskets, and urns, three and four inches high, and ranging in price from thirty to ninety *yen* each, are a whole year's output, and larger pieces are executed by special order at the same time with these. Nammikawa does not like to sell to the trade, and has been known to refuse the requests of curio merchants, making his customers pay more if he suspects that they are buying to sell again. It is his delight to hand the precious article to its new owner,

enjoining him to keep it wrapped in silk and wadding, and always to rub it carefully to remove any moisture before putting it away. He cautions visitors, when they attempt to handle the precious pieces in his show-room, not to touch the enamelled surface with the hand, the metal base and collar being left free on each piece for that purpose. Nor must two pieces of *cloisonné* ever be knocked together, as the enamel is almost more brittle than porcelain. Curiously enough, this great artist uses no mark nor sign-manual. "If my work will not declare itself to be mine, then the marking will do no good," he says; and, indeed, his *cloisonné* is so unlike the crude and commonplace enamels exported from Japan by shiploads for the foreign market, that it does not need the certification of his name.

Nammikawa has the face of a saint, or poet—gentle, refined, and intellectual—and his beautiful manner and perfect courtesy are an inheritance of the old Japan. His earlier days were not saintly, although they may have been poetical. He was a personal attendant of Prince Kuni no Miya, a brother of Prince Komatsu, and cousin of the Emperor, and was brought up in the old court life with its atmosphere of art and leisure. The elegant young courtier was noted for his gayety and improvidence. He remained in Kioto when the court moved northward, and all at once ceased his dissipations, even putting aside his pipe, to devote himself to experiments in the manufacture of *cloisonné*, for which he had always had a passion. In his laboratory there is a square plaque, a bluish bird on a white ground diapered with

coarse wires, which was his first piece. One can hardly believe that only fifteen years intervene between this coarse, almost Chinese, specimen of his work, and the vases for the Emperor's palace. From the start he threw himself into his profession with his whole soul and spirit. Incessant experiments in the solitude of his laboratory and work-room at night, and the zeal and patience of a Palissy at the furnace, conquered his province. He is still constantly studying and experimenting, and always fires his pieces himself, keeping long vigils by the little kiln in the garden

Hurry and money-making he despises. Gazing dreamily out into his garden, Nammikawa declared that he had no ambition to have a large godown, a great workshop, and a hundred workmen; that he always refused to take any large commissions or commercial orders, or to promise a piece at any given time. Neither good art nor good work can be commanded by money, he thought, nor did he want his men to work faster, and therefore less carefully, because greater prices are offered him for haste. It was his pleasure, he said, to take years for the execution of a single piece that might stand flawless before all connoisseurs, and receive its just reward of praise or medals. The latter are dearer to him than any sum of money, and in his own garden he finds happiness with them.—Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*, pp. 285-291.

ABOUT JAPANESE DRAWING.

A partial explanation of the apparent physiognomical conventionalism in Japanese drawing is just that law of the subordination of individualism to type, of personality to humanity, of detail to feeling, which the miscomprehended lecturer, Mr. Edward Strange, vainly tried to teach the Japan Society something about. The Japanese artist depicts an insect, for example, as no European artist can do: he makes it live; he shows its peculiar motion, its character, everything by which it is at once distinguished as a type,—and all this with a few brush-strokes. But he does not attempt to represent every vein upon each of its wings, every separate joint of its antennae: he depicts it as it is really seen at a glance, not as studied in detail. We never see all the details of the body of a grasshopper, a butterfly, or a bee, in the moment that we perceive it perching somewhere; we observe only enough to enable us to decide what kind of creature it is. We see the typical, never the individual peculiarities. Therefore the Japanese artist paints the type alone. To reproduce every detail would be to subordinate the type character to the individual peculiarity. A very minute detail is rarely brought out except when the instant recognition of the type is aided by the recognition of the detail; as, for example, when a ray of light happens to fall upon the joint of a cricket's leg, or to reverberate from the mail of a dragonfly in a double-colored metallic flash.

So likewise in painting a flower, the artist does not depict a particular, but a typical flower: he shows the morphological law of the species, or, to speak symbolically, nature's thought behind the form. The results of this method may astonish even scientific men. Alfred Russell Wallace speaks of the collection of Japanese sketches of plants as "the most masterly things" that he ever saw. "Every stem, twig, and leaf," he declares, "*is produced by single touches of the brush*; the character and perspective of every complicated plant being admirably given, and the articulations of stem and leaves shown in a most scientific manner." (The italics are my own.) Observe that while the work is simplicity itself, "produced by single touches of the brush," it is nevertheless, in the opinion of one of the greatest living naturalists, "most scientific." And why? Because it shows the type character and the law of the type. So again, in portraying rocks and cliffs, hills and plains, the Japanese artist gives us the general character, not the wearisome detail of masses; and yet the detail is admirably suggested by this perfect study of the larger law. Or look at his color studies of sunsets and sunrises: he never tries to present every minute fact within range of vision, but offers us only those great luminous tones and chromatic blendings which, after a thousand petty details have been forgotten, still linger in the memory, and there recreate the *feeling* of what has been seen.

Now this general law of the art applies to Japanese representations of the human figure, and also (though here other laws too come into play) of the human face.

The general types are given, and often with a force that the cleverest French sketcher could scarcely emulate ; the personal trait, the individual peculiarity, is not given. Even when, in the humour of caricature or in dramatic representation, facial expression is strongly marked, it is rendered by typical, not by individual characteristics, just as it was rendered upon the antique stage by the conventional masks of Greek actors.—Lafcadio Hearn, *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, pp. 107-110.

SAMURAI AND SAMURAI-WOMEN.

A *samurai* was supposed to have but one law, that of honour ; loyalty to his lord came first of all, and on that altar even father and mother must be sacrificed. Wife and child were hardly counted ; being a part of himself, their service must be as complete as his. No *samurai* could take joy in life while an insult to his chief remained unavenged ; and he often refused to survive his master. That master himself could have no higher code of honour than a simple *samurai*, and the name gradually became applied in the sense in which we use “gentleman.” The duty of a *samurai*, the honour or the valour of a *samurai*, are current expressions ; an action not worthy of a *samurai* means something base and churlish. There were many degrees among the different members of the class

as far as social status was concerned—some being heads of families, and having retainers of their own ; Some merely private soldiers as it were, with no property beyond the precious sword : but, as I have said, the principles of honour were the same for all ; and the *samurai* were the framers of the extraordinarily elaborate and punctilious code of Japanese honour, by the side of which the maxims of European mediæval chivalry seem rough and rude. A terrible blow was dealt to the class when the *Daimyos* laid down their power, when the *samurai* were disbanded, and the whole intricate and ancient edifice of Japanese feudalism crashed down at the Emperor's feet. But the race was too good to perish ; translating its ancient code of honour into a more modern tongue, it rallied round the throne, and has done so much for progress and good administration (in spite of such accidents as the *soshi* or the fanatics) that I think I am right in calling the Japan of to-day, with its working Parliament, its growing press, its army and navy, its just codes and admirable schools, its vigorous loyalty and its real good sense, the Japan of the *samurai*.

In no country in the world more than in Japan does the woman faithfully reflect the opinions and codes of the man of her own class ; and the *samurai* woman is as brave, as self-controlled, as calmly self-sacrificing as her father or her husband. As far as self-sacrifice goes, she has more to give. His honour will always remain to him ; hers may be asked for, and must not then be withheld.

The *samurai's* wife must be chaste as Lucrece, faithful as Penelope ; but she deliberately sacrificed herself, again

and again in Japanese history, for the good of her family or for her husband's lord. More than one story have I heard of a *samurai* wife selling her liberty away for years to procure the price of weapons and armour where these were needed to vindicate the family honour. Such a woman, on her return from bondage, would not have been regarded as a fallen thing; on the contrary, all honour and gratitude would be hers for what would be considered an act of unmixed heroism. Had she been asked to sell her soul for an honourable object, it would have been considered base in her to withhold it.

But dishonour as dishonour would only be wiped out with death, and the *samurai* women knew from childhood the use of the fine short sword whose baptism of blood could wash away any disgrace. They were trained and drilled to use spear and bow and arrow in the defence of the castle, which as so often happened in the bloody annals of the Highlands, was exposed to attack in the absence of the chief and his fighting men. Then the women would put on their war dress, a distinctive costume never worn at other times; and many a good defence they made, holding out till help could come. Were they overcome, there was always a short road to honour and peace—nine inches of the delicate blade which each of them from earliest childhood wore in times of danger. When one reads of *samurai* women being taken prisoners, one may be fairly sure that there was a child to be protected, a husband to be saved; then they could throw themselves at the conqueror's feet and win by their

beauty, as Tokiwa won from Kiyomori, the pity which would have been refused to their misfortunes.—Mrs. Hugh Fraser,* *Letters from Japan*, pp. 314-316

DIVERGENT VIEWS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE JAPANESE.

If we consider the various estimates of the Japanese character formed by the Occidentals who have enjoyed the best opportunities of studying it—from Saint Francis Xavier to Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, from Will Adams, “Pilot Major,” of Gillingham, Kent, to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, through a long series of observers, missionaries, merchants, diplomatists, sailors, men of science, poets, and travellers—we must be struck by the extraordinary diversity of their views. On the one hand, from good St. Francis Xavier’s warm-hearted appreciation of the Japanese of the middle of the sixteenth century: “This nation is the delight of my soul,” and honest Will Adams’s encomium of those of fifty years later: “The people of this Island of *Iapon* are good of nature, courteous above measure and valiant in war; their

* 著者フレザー夫人は明治二十年頃英國公使として日本に來りしフレザー氏の夫人にして本書の外日本に關する著述二三あり何れも讀むに足る

justice is securely executed without any partialitie..... They are governed in great civilitie.....not a land better governed in the world by civil policie.....," confirmed nearly a century afterwards by Engelbert Kæmpfer, the observant German surgeon, who wrote: "In the practice of virtues, in purity of life, and outward devotion, they far out-do the Christians.....," down to the glowing poetic eulogies from the pen of Sir Edwin Arnold, and the exquisite prose-picture of Lafcadio Hearn, in our day, praise has been lavished on the Japanese by men whose judgment must command our respect.

Unfortunately for the puzzled inquirer, an array of other eminent men stands opposed to these laudators with condemnation as severe as language can express. We may take for what they are worth the angry diatribes written in the early 'sixties by men who were in constant danger of their lives amongst a population on whom they were forcing, *vi et armis*, their unwelcome presence; the complaints of baffled diplomatists, tired out by Oriental procrastination designed to gain time, and over-matched by Asiatic cunning; we may dismiss the spiteful utterances, frequent to this day, of disappointed would-be exploiters, of sorrowing concession-hunters, and of irritated Occidentals, chafing in their voluntary exile, who belong to the numerous class to whom any Oriental is, morally, a "nigger," when he is not a "damned nigger." To such people, daily contact with a proud race, more intellectual, more polished, more truly cultured than their own coarse selves, becomes exasperating to a degree. If we put aside as untrustworthy the opinions of the classes

just enumerated, we can not entirely disregard the deliberately expressed views of some trained observers, of men of science versed in psychology, of shrewd lawyers and level-headed merchants, who find but little to praise in the Japanese character, but much to blame, and to blame strongly and *honestly*—not, as is the case with some travellers, merely for the sake of the supposed distinction to be obtained by differing from the majority of judges, nor, like certain “smart” journalists, in order to raise a silly laugh by cheap and vulgar ridicule, or to start a “boom” by unexpected violent denunciation. Nor can we neglect to take into account the faint praise where-with some eminent authorities, who have enjoyed exceptional opportunities, have condemned the Japanese in more or less guarded remarks, whose sub-acid flavor is perceptible through the very thin coating of sugar. And, lastly, what are we to think of the remarkable discrepancy between the opinions of our friend who has returned enraptured, after a stay of a month or two amongst “the most charming people in the most delightful country in the world,” and who wants to revisit it soon (every traveller does), and those of that other friend of ours, come “home” for a holiday, who tells us savagely that Japan, the land where he earns his living by the sweat of his brow—a state of perspiration often induced by the various forms of violent bodily exercise that occupy a considerable portion of his bitter exile, football, for instance—is an overrated country, peopled by a race of arrogant pigmies, of debased morals and limited intellect?

If we go deeper into all this conflicting evidence our confusion will grow worse confounded. We shall find the modern Japanese described as a gentle creature, so full of the milk of human kindness that he will pay for Buddhist prayers to be said for the soul of his dead dog, or cat, or ox, and cheerfully disburse thirty *Sen* for the decent burial, in the grounds of a temple, with a short service, of his lamented fourfooted friend, occasionally even a larger sum, so that poor doggie, or puss, may have a mortuary tablet, or *ihai*, to keep its memory green. We shall also find him held up to execration as a cruel savage, revelling in scenes of carnage, maddened by the smell of blood, perpetrating nameless atrocities on a vanquished, defenceless foe, and so callous to the sufferings of the brute creation that he eats fish *alive*, for choice, crimping it so deftly that the slices are held together only by the backbone, and fall asunder through the quivering induced by the addition of vinegarsauce. Horrible! Yes, just *a little* more horrible than the Occidental modes of skinning eels alive, of crimping cod, or of boiling lobsters and crabs in the full enjoyment of life and health. Go to Billingsgate Market, and hear the awful sound, a sort of hissing moan, when the great iron cage descends into the deep tank of boiling water with its freight of living crustacea!

We are told, at the same time, that the Japanese are of the sweetly simple, lovable disposition indicated by their extreme fondness for children and their unvarying kindness to them, extending even to the provision, in their pantheon, of a special divinity to watch over the

little ones, and of another, *Hotei*, a jolly, plump, smiling god, for them to romp with. On the other hand, we are warned to beware of the Japanese. They are, it is alleged, a danger to the white races, for their much-vaunted progress has been only in things material; their adaptation of our civilisation has merely laid a thin veneer over their native savageness. Hence our peril, we are told, and we are asked to consider the awful probability of a conflict some day with a determined race, hating us bitterly, turning against the West the weapons, the organisation and the training originally borrowed from it, but remaining at heart ruthless barbarians capable of the most fiendish atrocities. To those who thus warn us any argument seems futile. They at once meet it with two words: "Port Arthur." In their opinion, and, unfortunately, in that of a vast number of Occidentals, that closes the discussion. The cruel massacre by the victorious Japanese troops of a great part of the Chinese inhabitants of Port Arthur is, indeed, a blot on Japan's escutcheon, but before deciding to accept it as conclusive proof of the whole nation's incapacity for true civilisation we should remember the circumstances in which the dreadful deed was wrought. The massacre has been described *ad nauseam* in lurid columns of "expanded" telegrams, and of picturesquely gruesome "descriptive reporting," in the Western press; it has been brought before our eyes in sketches by special artists and in revolting photographs, the latter, it is to be feared, not always as truthful as sun-pictures are commonly supposed to be. The more sensational of the English newspapers, know-

ing the insatiable appetite of their patrons for plenty of gore with their breakfasts, and those American periodicals that have since become notorious as "Yellow Journals," gloated over sickening details and emphasised them by "scare headlines." Nothing was neglected that could help to publish Japan's shame to the Western world. But how many of the journals that disseminated the detailed news of the massacre had the fairness to give *equal* publicity to the cause of the slaughter? Very few; some newspapers never mentioned the cause at all. Justice demands that the world should know that the lust of killing which possessed the Japanese on the day of the capture of Port Arthur was the fury of revenge. Every Japanese soldier who "ran *amok*" on that dire day was the avenger of his unfortunate comrades, captured, wounded and helpless, by the enemy during the attack on the great stronghold, and put to horrible, lingering death by fiendish tortures such as only the cruelty of Chinese minds can conceive. The best disciplined troops of the phlegmatic Northern nations would have been maddened beyond control by the awful sights that met the eyes of the Japanese as they entered the captured town on that fateful 21st of November 1894, after storming its defences, till then considered almost impregnable. I will not stain these pages by a description of the appalling evidences of Chinese barbarities that infuriated the Japanese, nor of the terrible reprisals that followed. Suffice it to say that the Japanese soldiers simply went mad for the space of some hours—mad with the lust for blood, the terrible craving to kill, and kill,

and kill, without caring whom or how, that has, even in this century, possessed some of the most rigidly-trained European troops — Arthur Diósy, *The New Far East*, pp. 103-108.

THE VIRTUE OF THE JAPANESE WOMAN.

You will say that the exaggeration of a virtue is revenged in Nature's exacting balances by the formation — somewhere—of a fault. I must grant that, and unnatural heroic unselfishness does often encourage a distorted selfishness in base natures quick to seize their own advantage from another's generosity; and Japanese husbands, especially those of the upper classes, have fallen into this sin, and do fall into it every day. A man who for his father and mother will support every privation, make every sacrifice, is cold and indifferent, perhaps, to the blameless woman at his side. She is too much a part of himself for him not to be ashamed to lavish outward testimonies of regard upon her. She is the other self of the inner life, which, for all their apparent disregard of privacy, is so truly the inner life that a Japanese never even speaks of his wife unless absolutely obliged to do so. As far as European life has touched them, the Japanese are willing to conform to our usages

as regards the treatment of women in public. The wife of an official accompanies him to pay me a visit. Since the husband is in office, the wife may appear only in European costume, and she passes before him according to European traditions. Perhaps the next time they call he has resigned his portfolio ; then Madame is in her own pretty dress, and Monsieur enters first in his own pretty way !

The truth is that marriage is not, and never can be here, the supreme relation of life, as it is in Europe. Love, in our sense of the word, has nothing to do with the matter ; and the experience of this great passion, which holds such a paramount place in Western lives, is here an exceptional thing, a destiny, generally condemned to be a sorrowful one, and eliciting pity, and something of the praise we accord to martyrdom, when, as constantly happens, the poor lovers, seeing their union impossible in this world, commit a double suicide, and travel to the Meido together, sure of reunion in the shadowy realms, where, for us, marriage ties are said to be dissolved. As marriages are always arranged by parents or friends, the young people's consent being asked only at the moment when they have had their first interview, a very small amount of personal feeling enters into the contract—at any rate in its early stages. An English bride would blush angrily were it hinted that she was not, as the phrase runs, in love with her new husband ; that rarest of passions, pure love, is supposed to preside even at the most fashionable weddings. Not so in Japan. The young girl here would reply that such passion is for the

women whom she need never meet ; the very name of it is unknown to her, unless she has seen it illustrated in a play at the theatre ; who would think of mentioning such a low feeling, where the solemn duty of wife to husband, and husband's father and mother, is concerned ? Her marriage is the passing from childhood's happy careless life to the responsibilities of reason. Body and soul, mind and spirit, must all tend to one thing—the giving entire satisfaction to the new master and his family.

This seems very dreary and cold to us ; and the best European woman, educated in the full consciousness of her own value, would feel that she lost her integrity by entering such bondage. That it is done by hundreds of girls every year without any thought of love or duty either, but simply for the sake of having a luxurious home and plenty of fun, does not touch the case at all. Our typical high-minded English maiden despises these weaker sisters, is ashamed for them as for some blot on womanhood itself. The best of her gods is still naughty Cupid ; and if he is to be shut out of her life, she would rather give up the struggle at once.

And yet all English history can show no record of higher, stronger love than the Japanese wife has again and again laid at her lord's feet. It would seem as if that rare passion of which I spoke just now may, in fact, be born in what we call bondage ; may grow great in its nameless glory in these quiet lives ; and when the time comes, may claim life, and everything which is dearer than life, with the certainty that all will be given entire. You exclaim, as you hear of some amazing piece of heroism, “How

the woman must have loved the man!" And your friend, your little Japanese friend, looks up into your face with her childlike smile and some surprise in her dark eyes: "Oh no, it was her duty; he was her husband." —Mrs. Hugh Fraser, *Letters from Japan*, vol. II. pp. 196-198.

ABOUT ANCESTER-WORSHIP.

Foremost among the moral sentiments of Shinto is that of loving gratitude to the past,—a sentiment having no real correspondence in our own emotional life. We know our past better than the Japanese know theirs;—we have myriads of books recording or considering its every incident and condition: but we cannot in any sense be said to love it or to feel grateful to it. Critical recognitions of its merits and of its defects;—some rare enthusiasms excited by its beauties; many strong denunciations of its mistakes: these represent the sum of our thoughts and feelings about it. The attitude of our scholarship in reviewing it is necessarily cold; that of our art, often more than generous; that of our religion, condemnatory for the most part. Whatever the point of view from which we study it, our attention is mainly directed to the work of the dead,—either the visible work that makes our hearts beat a little faster than usual while looking at it, or

the results of their thoughts and deeds in relation to the society of their time. Of past humanity as unity,—of the millions long-buried as real kindred,—we either think not at all, or think only with the same sort of curiosity that we give to the subject of extinct races. We do indeed find interest in the record of some individual lives that have left large marks in history;—our emotions are stirred by the memories of great captains, statesmen, discoverers, reformers,—but only because the magnitude of that which they accomplished appeals to our own ambitions, desires, egotisms, and not at all to our altruistic sentiments in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. The nameless dead to whom we owe most we do not trouble ourselves about,—we feel no gratitude, no love to them. We even find it difficult to persuade ourselves that the love of ancestors can possibly be a real, powerful, penetrating life-moulding, religious emotion in any form of human society,—which it certainly is in Japan. The mere idea is utterly foreign to our ways of thinking, feeling, acting. A partial reason for this, of course, is that we have no common faith in the existence of an active spiritual relation between our ancestors and ourselves. If we happen to be irreligious, we do not believe in ghosts. If we are profoundly religious, we think of the dead as removed from us by judgement,—as absolutely separated from us during the period of our lives. It is true that among the peasantry of Roman Catholic countries there still exists a belief that the dead are permitted to return to earth once a year,—on the night of All Souls. But even according to this belief they are not considered as

related to the living by any stronger bond than memory ; and they are thought of,—as our collections of folk-lore bear witness,—rather with fear than love.

In Japan the feeling toward the dead is utterly different. It is a feeling of grateful and reverential love. It is probably the most profound and powerful of the emotions of the race,—that which especially directs national life and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to it. Filial piety depends upon it. Family love is rooted in it. The soldier who, to make a path for his comrades through the battle, deliberately flings away his life with a shout of "*Teikoku manzai!*"—the son or daughter who unobtrusively sacrifices all the happiness of existence for the sake, perhaps, of an undeserving or even cruel parent ; the partisan who gives up friends, family, and fortune, rather than break the verbal promise made in other years to a now poverty-stricken master ; the wife who ceremoniously robes herself in white, utters a prayer, and thrusts a sword into her throat to atone for a wrong done to strangers by her husband,—all these obey the will and hear the approval of invisible witnesses. Even among the skeptical students of the new generation, this feeling survives many wrecks of faith, and the old sentiments are still uttered : "Never must we cause shame to our ancestors ;" "it is our duty to give honor to our ancestors." During my former engagement as a teacher of English, it happened more than once that ignorance of the real meaning behind such phrases prompted me to change them in written composition. I would suggest, for example, that the expression, "to do

honor to the memory of our ancestors," was more correct than the phrase given. I remember one day even attempting to explain why we ought not to speak of ancestors exactly as if they were living parents ! Perhaps my pupils suspected me of trying to meddle with their beliefs ; for the Japanese never think of an ancestor as having become " only a memory " : their dead are alive — Lafcadio Hearn, *Kokoro*, pp. 280-282.

THE ESSENCE OF BUSHI-DO.

It is a philosophical tenet that the imagination in its first stages concentrates itself on individuals ; then, by an effort of abstraction, rises to an institution or well-defined organisation ; and finally grasps a moral or intellectual principle. Some analysts of Japanese character maintain that the spirit of the *bushi* belonged to the first *category* ; that his loyalty was not a principle observed for its own sake, but only a form of reverence or affection, primarily for his farther, and secondarily for his feudal chief, whom he regarded as his father. According to that theory the *Bushi-do* is an outcome of the doctrine of filial piety. But the river cannot rise higher than its source. If, as has been already shown, the parental tie was unhesitatingly sacrificed on the altar of feudal fealty, it is plainly unreasonable to suppose that the latter derived its inspira-

tion from the former. History proves, by example after example, that not the occupant of the throne itself, but the Throne was an object of veneration in Japan. It proves also, and even less scrutiny is needed to detect the fact, that not the representative of a great house but the house itself commanded the leal services of the *bushi*. Again and again the individual was stripped of all authority and reduced to the position of a mere figure-head by men who were nevertheless willing to give their lives for the honour of the name he bore and the support of the family he represented. Every page of Japanese annals reveals the same spectacle,—the institution preserved, the individual ignored. And looking a little closer, it is found that the imagination of the noblest type of *bushi* fixed itself ultimately neither on the person of the chief he followed nor on the preservation of the house he served, but upon his own duty as a soldier, upon the way of the warrior (*Bushi-do*). If he subordinated the individual to the institution, so also he surrendered his own life when the institution fell, and found in “duty” (*gi*) a force that nerved him to a shocking and most painful mode of self-immolation. Civilization has taught the Occident to believe that the suicide is insane; that moral equilibrium must have been lost before a man’s hand can turn the pistol or knife against his own person. The act seems so terrible that its performance cannot be associated with sober reflection. Yet the severing of the jugular vein or the scattering of the brains brings instant release, and is therefore much easier than the *samurai*’s method of comparatively slow self-torture, while in his case there can be

no question of insanity. In the full possession of his senses, calmly and deliberately, he disembowelled himself, and his commonest motive was to avoid the dishonour of surviving defeat, to consummate his duty of loyalty, or to give weight to a remonstrance in the interests of virtue or the cause of the wronged. It would seem that the beginnings of this mood are to be sought in the old barbarous institution called *junshi*, or "associated death." From whatever region of Asia the primeval Japanese came, they brought with them the custom that a sovereign or prince should be followed to the other world by those who had ministered to him on this side of the grave—his wife, his concubine, his principal servitors. The law which enforced this cruel obligation was *rescinded* in the first century A. D., but the principle survived. Men and women persuaded themselves that it was necessary to render beyond the grave the same services they had performed in life, and self-immolation at the demise of a ruler or master continued to be occasionally practised until the Nara and Heian epochs, when the nation fell into effeminate and luxurious habits inconsistent with any heroic plays of altruism. In the mean while Confucianism and Buddhism had come. Both exercised a strong influence in moulding the national character. The former especially won a high place in Japanese esteem from the first, probably because of the reverent observance it received in China, whence Japan borrowed so many models. A society founded on the "five relationships"—ruler and ruled, husband and wife, father and son, elder brother and younger brother, friend and

friend—seemed the most perfect organisation within reach of human beings, and imagination could not rise to any loftier conception than that of the motives in forming these relationships—authority guided by righteousness and benevolence on the part of the ruler, husband, father, and elder brother; submission guided by righteousness and sincerity on the part of ruled, wife, son, and younger brother; the mutual promotion of virtue by friends. The Chinese sage inculcated the duty of sincerity or fidelity, but did not indicate the manner of discharging it. There the Japanese *Samurai* derived a rule from his own custom of self-sacrifice. The moral principle was Chinese; the heroic practice, Japanese. Confucius further taught contempt for money, and that part of his teaching, taken in conjunction with Mencius' doctrine that extravagance is fatal to discipline, appealed strongly to the *bushi*. It was from these two philosophers, also, that the Japanese learned to set the institution above the individual. What Confucius had drafted in the outline, Mencius compiled in detail; that while the right to rule is of divine origin, the title of the ruler depends on his personal character and his conduct of affairs; and that if he fail to establish such a title, he should be removed by a member of his own family, or by one of his chief officials, or by a "minister of heaven." The guiding principles of the *bushi's* practice are here easily recognized. The nobler portion of those principles commanded little obedience amid usurpations and extravagances of the Court nobility, but when the foundations of military feudalism began to be laid, the five relationships and the duties connected

with them acquired a new value from the strength and security they conferred on the provincial organisations. Then, again, the old custom of "associated death" was revived. Men sacrificed themselves, sometimes singly, sometimes in hundreds, in order to accompany a liege lord beyond the grave to continue in the other world the services rendered in this. Everywhere in Japan the cemeteries bear witness to that extraordinary spirit of devotion: the tomb of the chieftain stands surrounded by humbler sepulchres of faithful vassals who refused to survive him. The practice remained in vogue until the seventeenth century, and would probably have survived until the *Meiji* Restoration had not the Tokugawa Viceregents employed all their influence and authority to check it. Iyeyasu, and after him Iyetsuna, issued proclamations embodying the doctrine that the duty of the *samurai* required him not to court death for the sake of ministering to a departed chief, but to remain in life for the sake of serving his successor. "Sorrow for the dead, service for the living,"—that was the new creed.—Captain F. Brinkley, *Japan: Its History Arts and Literature*,* Vol. II. pp. 221-226.

* 本書は千九百二年に出版せられ十二卷より成る其中最後の二卷は支那に關するものなり著者は英人にしてジャンバタイムスの主幹たる
とは恰く人の知る所なり

THE JAPANESE WIFE.

We must not judge of the position which the Japanese wife holds by our ordinary standard, for it has been one of the most beneficent results of Christianity, to secure to the wife an education and position equal to that of the husband ; it is only in Christian marriage that she becomes entitled to eat at the same table with her husband, and to share all the anxieties and enjoyments of his life ; it is only here that she appears as his equal and companion.

Neither Confucius nor Buddha assigns to the wife a position of honour. According to the latter she is in all respects inferior to her husband, and can only wish that on her re-entry into life she may appear as a man ; according to the former she has only duties, but no rights. These *sanjū* (three great duties), which in Japan also were, in accordance with the social principles of the Chinese philosopher, impressed upon every woman from her youth up, were and are, as already mentioned, obedience to her father and (mother), her husband, and her eldest son, according as she was unmarried, a wife, or a widow. The husband had full rights over the person and property of his wife ; and concubinage was permitted to him, while he might punish with death the adultery of his wife. In seven cases he had the right of divorce, which he exercised by simply sending back his partner to

her parents. The grounds of divorce as established by Confucius were : disobedience of the wife to her husband's parents, barrenness, loose language and drunkenness, jealousy, foul diseases, theft and—talkativeness. This important right was however seldom exercised, especially when the marriage was blessed with children. Training and public opinion required that the wife should then in particular be treated with kindness and respect. Hence the Japanese wife was and is among all the women of Asiatic peoples the freest and most respected, and even plays an honourable part in the national history. Her mission is to enliven her husband's existence. This she endeavours to do by her cheerful temper, by great cleanliness in dress and in the house, by being a careful house-keeper and a loving, tender mother, and in this position finds her true dignity. Custom required of her, until recently, to abandon altogether any attempt to please the rest of the world, by shaving her eyebrows and blackening her teeth, for according to Iyeyasu the direction of her duties is inward, while the tasks of the man are directed outward.

The Japanese wife is the first servant of the household. Even at the wedding feast she must humbly present the dishes to her husband. Man and wife do not take their meals in each other's company, nor do they appear together in social life, at all events not those belonging to the higher classes. In the house however she is *Nio-bo*, "the lady of the gynæceum"; *Oku-sama*, "mistress interior": but above all, *O Kami-san*, "the honourable mistress," as she is usually addressed. As such moreover

she occupies a position above the *Mekake*, or concubines, and their children.—J. J. Rein,* *Japan: Travels and Researches*, pp. 424-425.

THE NOBLE INFLUENCE OF THE JAPANESE MOTHER.

The Japanese mother takes great delight and comfort in her children, and her constant thought and care is the right direction of their habits and manners. She seems to govern them entirely by gentle admonition, and the severest chiding that is given them is always in a pleasant voice, and accompanied by a smiling face. No matter how many servants there may be, the mother's influence is always direct and personal. No thick walls and long passageways separate the nursery from the grown people's apartments, but the thin paper partitions make it possible for the mother to know always what her children are doing, and whether they are good and gentle with their nurses, or irritable and passionate. The children never leave the house, nor return to it, without going to their mother's room, and there making the little bows and repeating the customary phrases used upon such

* 著者ライン氏は獨逸の學者にして維新の初め獨逸政府の囑托を受け日本風俗風土產物等を調査せんが爲めに來りし人なり本書は日本に關する最良の著述の一にして大に歐洲に好評を博し夙に英譯せられたり

occasions. In the same way, when the mother goes out, all the servants and the children escort her to the door ; and when her attendant shouts "*O kaeri*," which is the signal of her return, children and servants hasten to the gate to greet her, and do what they can to help her from her conveyance and make her home-coming pleasant and restful.

The father has little to do with the training of his children which is left almost entirely to the mother, and, except for the interference of the mother-in-law, she has her own way in their training, until they are long past childhood. The children are taught to look to the father as to the head, and to respect and obey him as the one to whom all must defer ; but the mother comes next, almost as high in their estimation, and, if not so much feared and respected, certainly enjoys a large share of their love.

The Japanese mother's life is one of perfect devotion to her children ; she is their willing slave. Her days are spent in caring for them, her evenings in watching over them ; and she spares neither time nor trouble in doing anything for their comfort and pleasure. In sickness, in health, day and night, the little ones are her one thought ; and from the home of the noble to the humble cot of the peasant, this tender mother-love may be seen in all its different phases.

The Japanese woman has so few on whom to lavish her affection, so little to live for besides her children, and no hopes in the future except through them, that it is no wonder that she devotes her life to their care and service, deeming the drudgery that custom requires of her for

them the easiest of all her duties. Even with plenty of servants, the mother performs for her children nearly all the duties often delegated to nurses in this country. Mother and babe are rarely separated, night or day, during the first few years of the baby's life, and the mother denies herself any entertainment or journey from home when the baby cannot accompany her. To give the husband any share in the baby-work would be an unheard-of thing, and a disgrace to the wife ; for in public and in private the baby is the mother's sole charge, and the husband is never asked to sit up all night with a sick baby, or to mind it in any way at all. Nothing in all one's study of Japanese life seems more beautiful and admirable than the influence of the mother over her children,—an influence that is gentle and all-pervading, bringing out all that is sweetest and noblest in the feminine character, and affording the one almost unlimited opportunity of a Japanese woman's life. The lot of a childless wife in Japan is a sad one. Not only is she denied the hopes and the pleasures of a mother in her children, but she is an object of pity to her friends, and well does she know that Confucius has laid down the law that a man is justified in divorcing a childless wife. All feel that through her, innocent though she is, the line has ceased ; that her duty is unfulfilled ; and that, though the name be given to adopted sons, there is no heir of the blood. A man rarely sends away his wife solely with this excuse, but children are the strongest of the ties which bind together husband and wife, and the childless wife is far less sure of pleasing her husband. In many

cases she tries to make good her deficiencies by her care of adopted children ; in them she often finds the love which fills the void in her heart and home, and she receives from them in after-life the respect and care which is the crown of old age.—Alice M. Bacon,* *Japanese Girls and Women*, pp. 99-103.

AT NARA.

Nara! A mountain-side covered with giant trees bound together by vines and old creepers ; an ancient forest seamed with broad avenues, where the sunlight falls in patches and deer lie drowsing in the fern ; double and triple lines of moss-covered stone lanterns massing themselves together, their green tops dim in the dense shadow ; temples twelve centuries old ; the booming of bells, and the music of running water.

Nara! The ancient capital, the cradle of Buddhism, and still the holy place of pilgrimages ; its forest paths echoing the jingle of the devotees' ringed staffs, the muttering of their prayers, and the clink of their copper offerings at the temple gates. A place of stillness and dreams ; an Arcadia, where the little children and the

* 著者ベーコン女史は津田梅子女史等の同窓にして十數年前華族女學校の教師に聘せられ日本に止まるこゝ殆んど三年本書は即ち其觀察の結果に成れる者にて千八百九十一年に出版せられたり

fawns play together, and the antlered deer eat from one's hand, and look up fearlessly with their soft human eyes. Old Shinto temples, where the priestesses dance the sacred measures of Suzume before the Sun Goddess's cave; temples where Buddha and Kannon sit in gilded glory on the lotus, and lights, incense, and bells accompany the splendid ceremonies of that faith.

The great antiquity of Nara makes the magnificence of Nikko, with its Shogun's tombs, seem almost parvenu. It is the good-fortune of the older fane that its distance from the railroad—twenty-six miles—saves it from the rush of progress and the stream of tourists.

The founder of Nara rode up to the mountain on a deer to choose a residence for himself, and ever since the deer have been petted and protected. Groups of them, lying under the trees, permit themselves to be admired, and feeding parties turn their pretty pointed heads to look after the visitor. The does and fawns, however, hide in the dark fern-covered ravines. All through the forest and temple grounds are little thatched houses, where tea for man and corn-meal for deer are sold, together with the little carved images and deer-horn toys for which Nara is famous. It is a pity that the Japanese name for deer is such a harsh, unmusical word as *shika*, which even the little children, who toddle after the pretty creatures with out-stretched hands, cannot make musical. Plump little country maids, with their tied-up sleeves, are heard from sunrise until dusk calling up the deer to befed.—“*Ko ! ko ! ko ! ko !*” (Come ! come ! come ! come !) and at the word “*Ko*” even the fattest and heaviest stag

lumpers forward and nibbles from their hands. Moving at leisure, these deer have a stiff, wooden gait, and seem badly-proportioned animals. It is when one leaps and bounds down some avenue, or across a clearing, that it shows its grace. The gentleness of these Nara pets is due, of course, to the long immunity from violence enjoyed by their race, beloved and protected by gods and men. Only once have they ever been harmed, and that blow was dealt by a young Japanese convert to Christianity, who struck at them as emblems of heathenism!

The atmosphere of Nara is serene and gentle—the true atmosphere of Japan. The priests are quiet, courteous old men, and the little priestesses, soft-footed and tranquil, dance in a slow succession of dignified poses. The Kasuga temple is a very cathedral of Shintoism, a place of many court-yards, surrounded by gates, and buildings painted bright Shinto red, with sacred straw ropes and symbolical bits of rice-paper hanging before the open doors. Venerable cryptomeria-trees, worthy of a California grove, stretch the great buttresses of their roots over the ground of the court-yard, and one thatched roof lovingly embraces the trunk of a crooked old tree that almost rests on it. Wistaria vines, thick, gnarled, and lichen-covered with the growth of years, hang in giant festoons from the trees, roll in curves and loops over the ground, and climbing to the top of the tallest pines, hang their clusters of pale-green leaves like blossoms against the dark evergreens. A giant trunk, from which grow branches of the camellia, cherry, plum, wild ivy, wistaria and nandina, is a perpetual marvel. All through the

woods the wistaria runs wild, leaps from tree to tree, and ties and knots itself into titanic coils —Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, *Jinrikisha Days in Japan*, pp. 307-309.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE IN JAPAN.

The Puritans, says Macaulay, "hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." To-day the "infamous charge of Puritanism," (to quote a phrase of Swinburne) could hardly be brought against the English or Americans. A trace of it lingers, but the legitimacy, desirability, and hygienic value of pleasure are pretty generally conceded. Nevertheless, there has perhaps never been a people so unskilled in the art of enjoying life as Americans, although no other nation has ever been so plentifully supplied with the material comforts of life. Our men chase the dollar, not only while they need it, but long after it has become a superfluity and a burden, and finally die without having ever made any rational use of their wealth. Our millionaires are the unhappiest of mortals. And when American men meet, as a rule, they do not rest or play, but weary their brains still more by "talking shop." Our women have learned the art of loafing gracefully, at least in summer, but at home they too often wear themselves out with social jealousies, household worries, gowns and other

luxuries that are a good deal more of a bother and torment than a pleasure. On all these points we can learn a great deal by studying the higher civilization across the Pacific.

The Japanese are too wise to continue the chase of the dollar after they have earned enough to end their days in comfort. They altruistically give others a chance by voluntarily dropping out of the race and competition, and spending the latter part of their life in elegant leisure, enjoying nature, travel, art, literature, and the society of relatives and friends. Is not this infinitely more rational and civilized than our way of dying in harness, without having ever been turned loose in the green fields and pastures—a privilege we grant even to our old horses?

Our Japanese neighbors have learned that *happiness consists not in having all you want but in wanting no more than you have*. Their average earnings are estimated at twenty cents a day, yet they are the happiest people in the world. Many of the peasants are too poor to eat the rice they cultivate in the sweat of their brows. Yet after toiling all day they go home, take a bath, eat a frugal meal of millet, pickles, and tea, smoke a thimble pipe, play with their children, and look contented and happy. Of the coolie in general, Mr. Anderson says he is "childlike in his joys and sorrows, polite and kindly in disposition,.....and careless as to who the masters are, and what the state of religion, so long as his sufficient allowance of rice, his inexpensive luxurious and periodic holidays come without undue effort to win them." And so on with the other classes, the shopkeepers, for instance,

of whom Miss Bacon says that they "have still time to enjoy their holidays and their little gardens, and have more pleasure and less hard work than those under similar circumstances in our own country." So that in every sphere we find more pleasure and less grinding work than with us. Is not that the goal of our civilization; the object of all our labors unions and industrial wars? Yet we fancy it is our mission to civilize the Japanese!

Busy Americans have gradually reached a point where they consider it almost a crime, and certainly a waste of time, to read books, or attend plays; and when they take a vacation they think it necessary to apologize for it, on the ground that they need it for their health and to gain fresh energy for work. We laugh at the Japanese for going to the theatre in the morning, and Richard Wagner aroused no end of sarcastic comment when he wanted people to look on his art seriously and come to it in the daytime with fresh and vigorous brains. But I think the Japanese could easily turn the laugh on us, and that too by quoting one of our own brightest philosophers, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in a passage wherein he refers to "the practice, if not the theory, of our society—to postpone the delights of social intercourse until after dark, or rather late at night, when body and mind are both weary with the exertions of business, and when we can give to what is the most delightful and profitable thing in life, social and intellectual society, only the weariness of dull and over-tired muscles. No wonder we take our amusements sadly, and that so many people find dinners heavy

and parties stupid. Our economy leaves no place for amusements ; we merely add them to the burdens of a life already full. The world is still a little off the track as to what is really useful."

These are golden words of censure that could never have been written of the Japanese. But the climax is still to come. It is not in the enjoyment of Recreation, after all, but of Work that Japan will prove our most beneficial teacher, if we will but try to learn from her. The late Robert Louis Stevenson used to declare that machinery and the division of labor had utterly banished all a man's joy in his work ; and that it was by insisting in the necessity for that joy that Ruskin had best served the world. The greatest objection to the multiplication of modern machinery is not that it takes away work from many (for they can still seek other employment), but that it makes all such work joyless, reducing laborers to the level of machines, caring no more than the machines how the goods come out and what becomes of them. In Europe and America it is only the author, the scientific inventor, and the artist that enjoy the esthetic thrill of creative work. In Japan the humblest artisan, making the humblest kitchen utensil, enjoys his work because he uses his brain and his taste as well as his hands in shaping and adorning it. How much the greatest happiness of the greatest number is raised by this, is obvious.—Henry T. Finck, *Lotos-Time in Japan*, pp. 328-331.

EN-NICHI.

If you ever visit Japan, be sure to go to at least one temple-festival,—*en-nichi*. The festival ought to be seen at night when everything shows to the best advantage in the glow of countless lamps and lanterns. Until you have had this experience, you cannot know what Japan is,—you cannot imagine the real charm of queerness and prettiness, the wonderful blending of grotesquery and beauty, to be found in the life of the common people.

In such a night you will probably let yourself drift awhile with the stream of sight-seers through dazzling lanes of booths full of toys indescribable—dainty puerilities, fragile astonishments, laughter-making oddities;—you will observe representations of demons, gods, and goblins;—you will be startled by *mando*—immense lantern-transparencies, with monstrous faces painted upon them;—you will have glimpses of jugglers, acrobats, sword-dancers, fortune-tellers;—you will hear everywhere, above the tumult of voices, a ceaseless blowing of flutes and booming of drums. All this may not be worth stopping for. But presently, I am almost sure, you will pause in your promenade to look at a booth illuminated like a magic-lantern, and stocked with tiny wooden cages out of which an incomparable shrilling proceeds. The booth is the booth of a vendor of singing-insects. The sight is curious; and a foreigner is nearly always attracted by it.

But having satisfied his momentary curiosity, the foreigner usually goes on his way with the idea that he has been inspecting nothing more remarkable than a particular variety of toys for children. He might easily be made to understand that the insect-trade of Tokyo alone represents a yearly value of thousands of dollars; but he would certainly wonder if assured that the insects themselves are esteemed for the peculiar character of the sounds which they make. It would not be easy to convince him that in the æsthetic life of a most refined and artistic people, these insects hold a place not less important or well-deserved than that occupied in Western civilization by our thrushes, linnets, nightingales and canaries. What stranger could suppose that a literature one thousand years old,—a literature full of curious and delicate beauty,—exists upon the subject of these short-lived insect-pets?—Lafcadio Hearn, *Exotics and Retrospectives*, pp. 39-41.

THE DOSHISHA COLLEGE.

For several mornings I have gone to the college to hear some of the classes taught. The first day I arrived at the end of morning prayers, and was surprised to see how very few decline either the prayers or the religious instruction. All my acquaintances among the Tokyo teachers

speak of the good conduct, courtesy, docility, and appetitie for service and continued study which characterise their students, and it is just the same here. I pity the instructors who have to deal off-hand with the difficulties of these earnest youths, many of whose questions show them to be deep thinkers, and indisposed to accept anything on trust, or to pass over the most trivial matter without understanding it. Their absorption in study is so complete that they never even look at me. I find the mental and moral philosophy classes peculiarly interesting, these being subjects on which the young men are keenly alive, and thought in these directions being greatly stimulated by the extensive circulation of the works of Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Comte; while the researches and speculations of Darwin and Huxley tend to intensify the interest in a special direction. The students, as a whole, are remarkably ugly, and it is curious to see their earnest, thoughtful faces, several of them with spectacles, drinking in thoughtfully and critically the philosophy of Sir. W. Hamilton, an alien philosophy in an alien tongue.

Mr. Davis lectures for half an hour and in the remaining half the students question him and state their difficulties in English. One of their questions or rather difficulties as to the possibility of conceiving of colour without form has taken up a great part of two mornings. Obviously they decline to accept anything either from teacher or class-book without understanding it. Many of their questions are carefully prepared, and are very tough. There is less enthusiasm, as is natural, in the Church History class. It must discourage these neophytes to find

that Christianity was scarcely brighter or purer as it neared its source, and that its history is full of wrangling and bitterness. It was odd to hear the differences between the Jesuits and the Jansenists discussed in Japan, and to notice the intense interest which the students showed in anything which bore, even remotely, on the special tenets of Calvin. This morning one of the classes was a debating-club rather than a class, the subject stated being, "Whether the eye furnishes us with facts, or only with data from which we elaborate facts," and the students were prepared with quotations from Reid, Stewart, Brown, and Hamilton. In the next class a student was called upon to give the distinctive features of the Baconian teaching, and this he did so admirably and with such conciseness that his definition might have been printed. I was very much interested, also, with a class on "the Messianic Psalms," the seventy-second being the subject. The hour was spent almost entirely in the suggestion of difficulties by the students, who failed to see that it has any Messianic reference, and regarded it as applicable to Solomon. They had fortified themselves by a very careful study of the Old Testament in English, and their honest difficulties on this and other subjects are far removed from the flippancy of doubt. Some of them are quite new, and show very forcibly the questions which arise when the Bible is presented for the first time to an educated people; others might occur to any one among ourselves, such as "You say Christ and His Father are one. Then, when Christ was on earth, there was no God in heaven; to whom, then, did men pray?" and,

“If in the old days a pious Jew did not understand the references in a prophecy or its meaning, would the prophet be able to explain it?”—Isabella L. Bird,* *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, Vol. II. pp. 234-336.

VARIOUS JUDGMENTS OF THE JAPANESE NATIONAL CHARACTER.

The Japanese exhibit many praiseworthy qualities, which appeal to our sympathies, and which we meet with either rarely or not at all among other Oriental peoples. As the aspect of natural beauty gladdens the new-comer in the empire of Nippon, so too is he pleasantly surprised by the cleanliness of its inhabitants, by their friendly and humane nature—which is not lacking in dignity and self-consciousness, by their intelligence and sensibility to the beauties of nature and the advantages of Western civilization, and is charmed with them, somewhat as a guest to whom his host offers a friendly reception. No wonder that under such circumstances the judgments of those strangers, who have made but a brief stay as visitors in Japan, are extremely favourable to the people. The Japanese are amiable, accommodating, and given to imitation; they are curious, but not communicative. Their

* 著者バード女史は英國一富家の令嬢にして十七八年前病氣保養の爲め日本に漫遊して此書を著はせり

narrowness, however, in everything relating to government, religion, etc., must be attributed partly to ignorance, partly to a peculiar education continued through centuries under the pressure of the laws of Iyeyasu and of a system of espionage. In love of truth the Japanese, so far as my experience goes, are not inferior to us Europeans.

"I now returned," writes a fellow-countryman and acute observer, "into a country that I knew, and for which I had felt a deep longing while in the heart of China. Dirt, smells, deceit, mean and revolting servility, coupled with unjustifiable arrogance, are the chief elements of the Chinese world. The characteristic features of the Japanese world are extreme cleanliness, elegance, a sense of propriety and proportion, an unmistakable dignity and self-respect."

The same author, who is also well acquainted with the Poles, institutes a comparison between them and the Japanese, and recognises in them many common features. He finds both industrious, with few needs, and easily contented, hardened against the influences of weather, light-hearted and chivalrous, and is inclined to see in these qualities the deep-lying traces of the Tartar influence, which once made itself felt from the Oder to the Pacific, and which may be detected not only in their habits and views of life, but also in their language. In many other aspects, of course, the differences between the two peoples are as great and striking as possible.

The Japanese does not hide his light under a bushel. But upon a longer acquaintance, we find that besides the laudable qualities already mentioned and some others,

among which must be reckoned chiefly the blind devotion and love of children for their parents, and an ardent patriotism, there are many which are not particularly attractive. After many-sided and abundant observation, though not indeed inclined to subscribe to all that any one who returns home with disappointed hopes from Japanese services has to report of the dark side of the character of the people, we yet find among such people many keen observers and objective judges, whose experiences and opinions are entitled to all respect.

With a sense of propriety which in many points is greatly superior to that of most Europeans, is associated a careless exposure of the person and a good deal that we call positively unchaste. The universal taste for flowers, for the beauties of landscape and for the objects of the graphic and constructive arts, is coupled with gross sensuality, the ruinous results of which are frequently conspicuous even to the non-medical observer. Together with ardent patriotism and a peculiar sense of justice, we observe a great inclination to overlook the worst behaviour and much corruption and nepotism amongst officials. To a lively desire for knowledge and quickness in acquiring it, is opposed a want of perseverance and of skill in turning it to account, except in the way of blind imitation. With the superficial and unsystematic character of their knowledge is not unfrequently combined inscrutable shrewdness. The Japanese youth is the most obedient that I have ever known. In their bringing up, as in the management of cattle, corporal punishment is dispensed with, and is indeed, like all violent exhibitions of passion,

generally condemned. But with this self-control, which completely puts into the shade that of our chilly Northerners, and which can discuss with a smile upon the lips things that stir our souls to the very depths, is associated a cold calculating cruelty which overtakes and relentlessly strikes down its victim.

It is worth while to quote the judgment of a highly cultured and universally esteemed Frenchman, who had fuller opportunities than most foreigners of appreciating the national character. He writes: "The private life of the Japanese resembles their political life, as perceived from their history, and both resemble the climatic features of the country. Long periods of repose and slumber, alternate with political awakenings and impetuous outbreaks. A natural lethargy interrupted by violent shocks. The fanfaronades of the canival penetrate the mist of melancholy. Everything proves that theirs is a temperament without equilibrium, a disposition tossed like ships without ballast, a passive nature driven backwards and forwards by fits and starts. There is much love of pleasure and surprises, disinclination for persevering labour; sudden flights and sudden flagging in quick succession, much activity, intelligence, and talent; little principle and no character. Like the scourges with which their country is visited (Bosquet means typhoons, earthquakes and conflagrations) their energy has its long sleep and its disorderly awakening."

This judgment of the Japanese national character is indeed by no means a flattering one. It is strikingly opposed to the favorable opinion which has been formed

of it in Germany, and indeed throughout the West. Though this latter view may also be exaggerated, I can not but give in my adherence to it rather than to the other, perhaps because I too have had more opportunities of learning the brighter side of the Japanese, and my judgment is accordingly possibly somewhat prejudiced in consequence.—J. J. Rein, *Japan: Travels and Researches*, pp. 393-395.

THE JAPANESE GARDEN ART.

The Japanese garden, like the house, presents features that never enter into similar places in America. With us it is either modelled after certain French styles, or it is simply beds of flowers in patches or formal plats, or narrow beds bordering the paths; and even these attempts are generally made on large areas only. The smaller gardens seen around our ordinary dwellings are with few exceptions a tangle of bushes, or wretched attempts to crowd as many different kinds of flowers as possible into a given area; and when winter comes, there is nothing left but a harvest of dead stalks and a lot of hideously-designed trellis painted green.

It is no wonder, then, that as our people have gradually become awakened within recent years to some idea of fitness and harmony of color, the conventional flower-

bed has been hopelessly abandoned, and now green grass grows over the graves of most of these futile attempts to defy Nature. The grass substitute has at least the merit of not being offensive to the eye, and requiring but little care save that of the strenuous pushing of the mechanical grass-cutter. This substitute is, however, a confession of inability and ignorance,—as much as if a decorator, after having struggled in vain with his fresco designs upon some ceiling, should give up in disgust and paint the entire surface one color.

The secret in a Japanese garden is that they do not attempt too much. That reserve and sense of propriety which characterize this people in all their decorative and other artistic work are here seen to perfection. Furthermore, in the midst of so much that is evanescent they see the necessity of providing enduring points of interest in the way of little ponds and bridges, odd-shaped stone lanterns and inscribed rocks, summer-houses and rustic fences, quaint paths of stone and pebble, and always a number of evergreen trees and shrubs. We, indeed, have feebly groped that way with our cement vases, jigsaw pavilions green with poisonous compounds, and cast-iron fountains of such design that one no longer wonders at the increase of insanity in our midst. One of every hundred of the fountains that our people dote upon is in the form of two little cast-iron children standing in a cast-iron basin, holding over their heads a sheet-iron umbrella, from the point of which squirts a stream of water,—a perennial shower for them alone, while the grass and all about may be sear and yellow with the summers's drought!

The Japanese have brought their garden arts to such perfection that a plot of ground ten feet square is capable of being exquisitely beautified by this method. Plots of ground that in this country are too often encumbered with coal-ashes, tea-grounds, tin cans, and the garbage-barrel, in Japan are rendered charming to the eye by the simplest means. With cleanliness, simplicity, a few little ever-green shrubs, one or two little clusters of flowers, a rustic fence projecting from the side of the house, a quaintly shaped flower-pot or two, containing a few choice plants, —the simplest form of garden is attained. So much do the Japanese admire gardens, and garden effects, that their smallest strips of ground are utilized for this purpose. In the crowded city, among the poorest houses, one often sees, in the corner of a little earth-area that comes between the sill and the raised floor, a miniature garden made in some shallow box, or even on the ground itself. In gardens of any pretensions, a little pond or sheet of water of irregular outline is an indispensable feature. If a brook can be turned to run through the garden, one of the great charms is attained ; and a diminutive water-fall gives all that can be desired. With the aid of fragments of rock and rounded boulders, the picturesque features of a brook can be brought out ; little rustic bridges of stone and wood span it, and even the smallest pond will have a bridge of some kind thrown across. A few small hummocks and a little mountain six or eight feet high, over or about which the path runs, are nearly always present.

In gardens of larger size these little mountains are sometimes twenty, thirty, and even forty feet in height,

and are built up from the level ground with great labour and expense. On top of these a little rustic lookout with thatched roof is made, from which if a view of Fuji can be got the acme is indeed reached. In still larger gardens,—that is, gardens measuring several hundred feet each way,—the ponds and bridges, small hills and meandering paths, with shrubs trimmed in round balls of various sizes, and grotesquely-shaped pines with long tortuous branches running near the ground, are all combined in such a way by the skillful landscape gardener that the area seems, without exaggeration of statement, ten times as vast.—Edward S. Morse,* *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, pp. 273-275.

THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE JAPANESE HOUSE.

A Japanese may have a famous collection of pictures, yet these are stowed away in his *kura*, with the exception of the one exposed in the *tokonoma*. If he is a man of taste he changes the picture from time to time according to the season, the character of his guests, or for special occasions. In one house where I was a guest for a few

* 著者は米國の有名なる一學者にして十數年前日本の建築美術陶器等に関する調査を爲さんが爲めに日本に來りし人なり日本に関する著述は本書の外數種あり本書は千八百八十九年の出版なり

days the picture was changed every day. A picture may do duty for a few weeks or months, when it is carefully rolled up, stowed away in its silk covering and box, and another one is unrolled. In this way a picture never becomes monotonous. The listless and indifferent way in which an American will often regard his own pictures when showing them to a friend, indicates that his pictures have been so long on his wall that they no longer arouse any attention or delight. It is true, one never wearies in contemplating the work of the great masters; but one should remember that all pictures are not masterpieces, and that by constant exposure the effect of a picture becomes seriously impaired. The way in which pictures with as are crowded on the walls,—many of them of necessity in the worst possible light, or no light at all when the windows are muffled with heavy curtains,—shows that the main interest centres in their embossed gilt frames, which are conspicuous in all lights. The principle of constant exposure is certainly wrong; a good picture is all the more enjoyable if it is not forever staring one in the face. Who wants to contemplate a burning tropical sunset on a full stomach, or a drizzling northern mist on an empty one? And yet these are the experiences which we are often compelled to endure. Why not modify our rooms, and have a bay or recess,—an alcove in the best possible light—in which one or two good pictures may be properly hung, with fitting accompaniments in the way of a few flowers, or a bit of pottery or bronze? We have never modified the interior arrangement of our house in the slightest degree from the time

when it was shaped in the most economical way as a shelter in which to eat, sleep, and die,—a rectangular kennel with necessary holes for light, and necessary holes to get in and out by. At the same time, its inmates were saturated with a religion so austere and sombre that the possession of a picture was for a long time looked upon as savoring of worldliness and vanity, unless, indeed, the subject suggested the other world by a vision of hexapodous angels, or of the transient resting-place to that world in the guise of a tombstone and willows, or an immediate departure thereto in the shape of a death-bed scene.

Among the Japanese all collections of pottery and other bric-a-brac are in the same way as the pictures, carefully enclosed in brocade bags and boxes, and stowed away to be unpacked only when appreciative friends come to the house; and then the host enjoys them with equal delight. Aside from the heightened enjoyment sure to be evoked by the Japanese method, one is spared an infinite amount of chagrin and misery in having an unsophisticated friend become enthusiastic over the wrong thing, or mistake a rare etching of Dante for a North American savage, or manifest a thrill of delight over an object because he learns incidentally that its value corresponds with his yearly grocery bill.

Nothing is more striking in a Japanese room than the harmonies and contrasts between the colors of the various objects and the room itself. Between the picture and the brocades with which it is mounted, and the quiet and subdued color of the *tokonoma* in which it is hung, there is

always the most refined harmony, and such a background for the delicious and healthy contrast of color when a spray of bright cherry blossoms enlivens the quiet tones of this honored place? The general tone of the room sets off to perfection the simplest spray of flowers, a quiet picture, a rough bit of pottery or an old bronze; and at the same time a costly and magnificent piece of gold lacquer blazes out like a gem from these simple surroundings,—and yet the harmony is not disturbed.

It is an interesting fact that the efforts at harmonious and decorative effects which have been made by famous artists and decorators in this country and in England have been strongly imbued with the Japanese spirit, and every success attained is a confirmation of the correctness of Japanese taste. Wall-papers are now more quiet and unobtrusive; the merit of simplicity and reserve where it belongs, and a fitness everywhere, are becoming more widely recognized.—Edward S. Morse, *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, pp. 314-316.

CHILDHOOD OF JAPANESE GIRLS.

As our little girl emerges from baby-hood she finds the life opening before her a bright and happy one, but one hedged about closely by the proprieties, and one in which, from babyhood to old age, she must expect to

be always under the control of one of the stronger sex. Her position will be an honorable and respected one only as she learns in her youth the lesson of cheerful obedience, of pleasing manners, and of personal cleanliness and neatness. Her duties must be always either within the house, or, if she belongs to the peasant class, on the farm. There is no career or vocation open to her: she must be dependent always upon either father, husband, or son, and her greatest happiness is to be gained, not by cultivation of the intellect, but by the early acquisition of the self-control which is expected of all Japanese women to an even greater degree than of the men. This self-control must consist, not simply in the concealment of all the outward signs of any disagreeable emotion,—whether of grief, anger, or pain,—but in the assumption of a cheerful smile and agreeable manner under even the most distressing of circumstances. The duty of self-restraint is taught to the little girls of the family from the tenderest years; it is their great moral lesson, and is expatiated upon at all times by their elders. The little girl must sink herself entirely, must give up always to others, must never show emotions except such as will be pleasing to those about her: this is the secret of true politeness, and must be mastered if the woman wishes to be well thought of and to lead a happy life. The effect of this teaching is seen in the attractive but dignified manners of the Japanese women, and even of the very little girls. They are not forward nor pushing, neither are they awkwardly bashful; there is no self-consciousness, neither is there any lack of *savoir faire*; a childlike simpliciey is united

with a womanly consideration for the comfort of those around them. A Japanese child seems to be the product of a more perfect civilization than our own, for it comes into the world with little of the savagery and barbarian bad manners that distinguish children in this country, and the first ten or fifteen years of its life do not seem to be passed in one long struggle to acquire a coating of good manners that will help to render it less obnoxious in polite society. How much of the politeness of the Japanese is the result of training, and how much is inherited from generations of civilized ancestors, it is difficult to tell ; but my impression is, that babies are born into the world with a good start in the matter of manners, and that the uniformly gentle and courteous treatment that they receive from those about them, together with the principle of self-restraint and thoughtfulness of others, produce with very little difficulty the universally attractive manners of the people. One curious thing in a Japanese household is to see the formalities that pass between brothers and sisters, and the respect paid to age by every member of the family. The grandfather and grandmother come first of all in everything,—no one at the table must be helped before them in any case ; after them come the father and mother ; and lastly, the children according to their ages. A younger sister must always wait for the elder and pay her due respect, even in the matter of walking into the room before her. The wishes and convenience of the elder, rather than of the younger, are to be consulted in everything, and this lesson must be learned early by children. The difference

in years may be slight, but the elder-born has the first right in all cases.—Alice M. Bacon, *Japanese Girls and Women*, pp. 17-20.

MARCANTILE FREEBOOTERS.

The great cities of Japan afford remarkable opportunities for seeing the life of the common people, for the little houses and shops, with their open fronts, reveal the *penetralia* in a way not known in our more secluded homes. The employment of the merchant being formerly the lowest of respectable callings, one does not find even yet in Japan many great stores or a very high standard of business morality, for the business of the country was left in the hands of those who were too stupid or too unambitious to raise themselves above that social class. Hence English and American merchants, who only see Japan from the business side, continually speak of the Japanese as dishonest, tricky, and altogether unreliable, and greatly prefer to deal with the Chinese, who have much of the business virtue that is characteristic of the English as a nation. Only within a few years have the *samurai*, or indeed any one who was capable of figuring in any higher occupation in life, been willing to adopt the calling of the merchant; but many of the abler Japanese of to-day have begun to see that trade is one of the most important factors of a nation's well-being, and

that the business of buying and selling, if wisely and honestly done, is an employment that no body need be ashamed to enter. There are in Japan a few great merchants whose word may be trusted, and whose obligations will be fulfilled with absolute honesty ; but a large part of the buying and selling is still in the hands of mercantile freebooters, who will take an advantage wherever it is possible to get one, in whose morality honesty has no place, and who have not yet discovered the efficacy of that virtue simply as a matter of policy. Their trade, conducted in a small way upon small means, is more of the nature of a game, in which one person is the winner and the other the loser, than a fair exchange, in which both parties obtain what they want. It is the mediæval, not the modern idea of business, that is still held among Japanese merchants. With them, trade is a warfare between buyer and seller, in which every man must take all possible advantage for himself, and it is the lookout of the other party if he is cheated.

In Tokyo the greatest and most modernized of the cities of the empire, the shops are not the large city stores that one sees in European and American cities, but little open-fronted rooms, on the edge of which one sits to make one's purchases, while the proprietor smiles and bows and dickers ; setting his price by the style of his customer's dress, or her apparent ignorance of the value of the desired article. Some few large dry-goods stores there are, where prices are set and dickering is unnecessary ; and in the *kwankoba*, or bazaars, one may buy almost anything needed by Japanese of all classes, from

house furnishings to foreign hats, at prices plainly marked upon them and from which there is no variation. But one's impression of the state of trade in Japan is, that it is still in a very primitive and undeveloped condition, and is surprisingly behind the other parts of Japanese civilization.—Alice M. Bacon, *Japanese Girls and Women*, pp. 262-264.

FRAUDS AND TRICKS OF TRADE.

‘Different races of men,’ Mr. Thrupp observes, in his ‘Home of the Anglo-Saxon’ already cited, ‘and different nations, are usually found to possess particular vices and virtues to a greater degree than others, which thus not only become characteristic peculiarities, but have a material influence on their national character and manners, and require therefore to be duly considered in treating of their social history.’ And entirely agreeing with the writer, I am led to place at the head of the list of Japanese vices this one of mendacity, bringing as it does inevitably dishonesty of action. The Japanese traders are accordingly what might be expected, and rank among the most dishonest and tricky of Easterners. This seems a hard thing to say of a whole race, or a class even, yet the incessant examples of the most ingenious and deliberate fraud in the trade carried on at the ports, and Yokohama more especially, as being the

emporium of the largest trade, leaves no doubt on the subject. Bales of silk are continually sold with outward hanks of one quality, and the inner ones of coarser material most craftily interwoven. Jars of camphor with the top only the genuine article, and the rest powdered rice. Tubs of oil the lower half water. Money taken for contracts, and immediately appropriated to their own use, and unblushingly confiscated. But it may be said *we* have fraudulent tradesmen too, at home and abroad, and unfortunately the fact is beyond all dispute, as Dr. Hassall and Parliamentary Committees have proved to demonstration. In free, self-governed, virtuous England, is it not hard to buy an article of food which has undergone manipulation, or even medicine to preserve life, that is not adulterated, and often by the most deleterious compounds? Or, to buy a length of cotton which answers to the measurement written upon it; or a bottle of wine or beer containing a statute pint or quart measure? Yes, all this is true, and sad as true. Commercial morality appears to have a code of its own even in the most civilized countries; and perhaps it may be still more broadly stated, that the moral standard of the most advanced nation, is very far from perfect truth or honesty. We must admit then, I am afraid, that it is only a question of degree, between the Japanese who sells rice dust for camphor, and the English tradesman who sells red lead for Cayenne pepper, or alum and bone dust for bread. But still I maintain the Japanese have the bad preeminence of far surpassing us, in ingenuity and universality of cheating. In reference to mendacity, it

requires some acquaintance with yaconins and Japanese officials to know the full force of the term ; or, to what perfection such a system may be brought. Truth is not to be obtained at any price, for love or for money—by a foreigner at all events. I do not believe any real progress is possible so long as a nation preserves this characteristic, and all true civilisation is necessarily progressive.

There is a total disregard of truth among the Japanese of all classes, as can well be conceived—compatible with the existence of any bonds of society, which, after all, must presuppose some trust or faith either in words or oaths. There are some people in every nation who lie—some from habit, some from vanity, and others to advance their interests ; ‘ the gainful lie ’ is, unfortunately, common in all classes and races. And it was not of the Japanese that Bacon spoke, when he said, ‘ A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure,’ but most likely of his own countrymen. If, in ancient times, at the other extremity of Asia, ‘ all Cretans were liars,’ and their descendants, the Greek of modern days, amidst all his pretensions, has less claim, perhaps, than any of Caucasian race, to a character for veracity ; they have had, in all ages and nations, a wide fraternity to keep them in countenance. The chief distinction between the European and Eastern civilization, in this respect, seems mainly to be in the one, the general repudiation of falsehood as a legitimate exercise of ingenuity, and its recognition in the other. It is no disgrace or discredit to either Japanese or Chinese to be detected and convicted of the most flagrant lie ; there is not even the Spartan feeling of shame at being found out.

But how the several relations of life in a social state are maintained, where there is so little trust or faith, and no acknowledged obligation to speak the truth, is difficult to understand. In matters of justice, the problem is solved by a system of torture, which either extorts the truth or kills the recusant. But in other relations, some other and less brutal instruments of verification must obviously be relied upon, for arriving at such approximation to truth as may be essential for the conduct of affairs, in all the ordinary transactions between man and man. But if, as Bacon farther speculates, 'the inquiry of truth be the love-making or wooing of it,' there must be a great deal of such wooing in Japan, and a surprisingly small portion of the 'belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it.' So far as this consummation is really 'the sovereign good of human nature,' I am afraid my friends, the Japanese, are woefully lacking. The very necessity of the case, I conclude, must supply a partial remedy, by suggesting and enforcing truth, in an interested sense, as the best policy. When Colonel Chartres exclaimed that he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, it was no doubt because he felt that it would be worth ten times more than that sum to him in plying his vocation. So in my dealings with the various shop-keepers I was in the habit of seeing for the purchase of their wares at the Legation, they certainly manifested a keen appreciation of the value attaching to a character for trustfulness: and, to their credit, I must add there were many who would not palm off a plated for a silver article, or venture on any gross fraud of that kind. And to the honour of their discrimi-

nation, I must also say, they soon learned to take me at my word, instead of chaffering and haggling over a price they knew to be greatly in excess 'of what they were willing to accept.' I have seen, when some one of their number, admitted for the first time, was asking an extortionate price, the older habitués check him, and have heard the warning that it was 'of no use—that they knew my yea was yea, and my nay—nay in truth,' and that he would simply be left with his goods on his hands, if he did not deal more straightforwardly. Of course, that they should ask twice as much as they were willing to take, vow a modern work was either an antique, or better than the oldest, and declare no second of the kind could be found, was in the fair way of their trade—do not picture and curiosity dealers in every mart in Europe the same?—Sir Rutherford Alcock, *The Capital of Tycoon*, Vol. II. pp. 243-246.

GO-INKYO.

It is not only for the women of Japan, but for the men as well, that old age is a time of peace and happiness. When a man reaches the age of fifty or thereabouts, often while apparently in the height of his vigor, he gives up his work or business and retires, leaving all the property and income to the care of his oldest son, upon whom he becomes entirely dependent for his support. This support

is never begrudged him, for the care of parents by their children is as much a matter of course in Japan as the care of children by those who give them birth. A man thus rarely makes provision for the future, and looks with scorn on foreign customs which seems to betoken a fear lest, in old age, ungrateful children may neglect their parents and cast them aside. The feeling, so strong in America, that dependence is of itself irksome and a thing to be dreaded, is altogether strange to the Japanese mind. The married son does not care to take his wife to a new and independent home of his own, and to support her and her children by his own income, but he takes her to his father's house, and thinks it no shame that his family live upon his parents. But in return, when the parents wish to retire from active life, the son takes upon himself un-
drudgingly the burden of their support, and the dread of dependence is never bitter to the parents' lips, for it is given freely. To the time-honoured European belief, that a young man must be independent and enterprising in early life in order to lay by for old age, the Japanese will answer that children in Japan are taught to love their parents rather than ease and luxury, and that care for the future is not the necessity that it is in Europe and America, where money is above everything else,—even filial love. This habit of thought may account for the utter want of provision for the future, and the disregard for things pertaining to the accumulation of wealth, which often strikes curiously the foreigner in Japan. A Japanese considers his provision for the future made when he has brought up and educated for usefulness a

large family of children. He invests his capital in their support and education, secure of bountiful returns in their gratitude and care for his old age. It is hard for the men of old Japan to understand the rush and struggle for riches in America,—a struggle that too often leaves not a pause for rest or quiet pleasure until sickness or death overtakes the indefatigable worker. The *go inkyo* of Japan is glad enough to lay down early in life the cares of the world, to have a few years of calm and peace, undisturbed by responsibilities or cares for outside matters. If he is an artist or a poet he may, uninterrupted, spend his days with his beloved art. If he is fond of the ceremonial tea, he has whole afternoons that he may devote to this æsthetic repast; and even if he has none of these higher tastes, he will always have congenial friends who are ready to share the *saké* bottle, to join in a quiet smoke over the *hibachi*, or to play the deep engrossing game of *go*, or *shogi*, the Japanese chess. To the Japanese mind, to be in the company of a few kindred souls, to spend the long hours of a summer's afternoon at the ceremonial tea party, sipping tea and conversing in a leisurely manner on various subjects, is an enjoyment second to none. A cultivated Japanese of the old times must receive an education fitting him especially for such pursuits. At these meetings of friends, artistically or poetically inclined, the time is spent in making poems and exchanging wittily turned sentiments, to be read, commented on, and responded to; or in the making of drawings, with a few bold strokes of the brush, in illustration of some subject given out. Such enjoyments as these,

the Japanese believe, cannot be appreciated or even understood by the practical, rush-ahead American, the product of the wonderful but material civilization of the West.—Alice M. Bacon, *Japanese Girls and Women*, pp. 133-137.

JAPANESE EATABLES.

The range of Japanese eatables is almost unlimited, though rice, millet, salt fish, and *Raphanus sativus*, constitute the staple food of the poorest class. Over ninety kinds of sea and river fish are eaten, boiled, broiled, and raw, from steaks of bonito and whale down to a minute species which make less than a mouthful each, which one usually sees in numbers in an inn kitchen, impaled on bamboo skewers. Bonito, whale, highly salted and dried salmon, sea slug, cuttle-fish, and some others, are eaten raw. Some fish are fried, in the oil of the *Sesamum Orientale*, which produces an odour which makes one fly from its proximity. Eels and other dainties are served with soy (*shō-yu*), the great Japanese sauce, of a dark brown colour, made from fermented wheat and beans with salt and vinegar, and with a dash of *saké* occasionally added to give it a higher flavour. The cuttle-fish always looks disgusting, and so do many of the others. Thirteen or fourteen kinds of shell-fish are eaten, including clams, cockles, and oysters.

Cranes and storks are luxuries of the rich, but wild duck and goose, pheasant, snipe, heron, woodcock, skylark, quails, and pigeons, are eaten by the middle classes, and where Shintoism prevails, or Buddhist teachings on the sacredness of life have been effaced by contact with foreigners or their indirect influence, fowls and farmyard ducks are eaten also. All these, except quails, woodcock, and pheasant, are cooked by boiling.

The variety of vegetables is infinite, but with one important exception they are remarkably tasteless. Fourteen varieties of beans are grown for food, besides pease, buckwheat, maize, potatoes, sweet potatoes (only eaten by the lowest classes), turnips, carrots, lettuce, endive, cucumbers, squash, musk, and water melons, spinach, leeks, onions, garlic, chilies, capsicums, eggs (*melongena*), yams, sweet basil seeds, a species of *equisetum*, yellow chrysanthemum blossoms, the roots and seeds of the lotus *nelumbo nucifera*, the *sagittaria*, *sagittata*, the *arum esculentum* the *taro* of Hawaii, and some others. Besides cultivated vegetables they eat dock (*lappa major*), ferns, wild ginger, water, water pepper, bamboo shoots (a great delicacy), and various other roots and stems. The eggplant is enormously cultivated. The bulbs of the tiger and white lily are also cultivated and eaten. Vegetables are usually boiled. I have left to the last the vegetable *par excellence*, the celebrated *daikon* (*Raphanus sativus*), from which every traveller and resident suffers. It is a plant of renown—it deserves the honorific! It has made many a brave man flee! It is grown and used everywhere by the lower classes to give sapidity

to their otherwise tasteless food. Its leaves, something like those of a turnip, are a beautiful green, and enliven the fields in the early winter. Its root is pure white, tolerably even, and looks like an immensely magnified radish, as thick as an average arm, and from one to over two feet long. In this state it is comparatively innocuous. It is slightly dried and then pickled, with rice bran. It is very porous, and absorbs a good deal of the pickle in the three months in which it lies in it and then has a smell so awful that it is difficult to remain in a house in which it is being eaten. It is the worst smell that I know of except of a skunk !

Mushrooms, dried, boiled, and served with sauce, are to be seen at every road-side tea-house.

Fruits, with one exception, are eaten raw, and without sugar or condiment. The finest fruit of Japan is the *kaki* or persimmon (*Diospyros kaki*), a large golden fruit of a beautiful tree. There are many varieties, but perhaps the best is a hard kind, which after being peeled, is dried in the sun, and then tastes like a fig. The loquat is good, stewed with sugar, especially its large seeds, which taste like peach kernels. Grapes are tolerable only, and so are oranges ; yellow and red raspberries grow wild, but they have less taste than an English blackberry. Among other fruits are apples, pears, quinces, plums, chestnuts, peaches, apricots, and musk and water melons, but they are sour and flavourless.

Seaweed is a common article of diet, and is dried and carried everywhere into the interior. I have scarcely seen

a coolie make a meal of which it was not a part, either boiled, fried, pickled, raw, or in soup.

Pickles and relishes are enormously consumed. Cucumbers, and the *brinjal*, or egg-plant with one or two other things pickled in brine or less of *saké*, with or without rice-bran, are popular, and are relied on for imparting appetite ; other vegetables are pickled with salt and ginger leaves, and are taken with tea the first thing in the morning, to counteract, as is supposed, the effect of the damp.—Isabella L. Bird, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, Vol. I. pp. 237-239.

SHAMELESS IMPOSITION.

JAPANESE shopping is an art to be acquired, apparently, and I have not patience for it. As a general rule I would rather give something approaching the price first asked by the vendor, than spend my time in haggling over it ; but foreigners, who are expert, never do anything so extravagant, and, in the estimation of the shop-keeper, so absurd. If you like and wish to buy article you don't ask its price, but that of several other things working indifferently round to it. Perhaps the vendor says ten *yen* ; you laugh as if you were very amused, and say two *yen*. He laughs derisively, but quite good-naturedly, and you put it down, on which he looks

amused, and says seven *yen*; you say carelessly three *yen*, he looks sad and appears to calculate on his *soroban*; you move as if to go out, when most likely he claps his hands, looks jubilant, and says *yoroshi*, which means that you are to have it for three *yen*, which possibly is far more than it is worth to him. If the sellers were sour and glum, this process would be unbearable, but if you are courteous and smiling, they are as pleasant as people can be.

There are several shops which profess to sell tinned meats, condensed milk, and such like travelling requisites, and upon these have I spent much time with little success. I bought condensed milk with the "Eagle" brand. On opening it I found a substance like pale treacle, with a dash of valerian. I bought "lemon sugar," the one cooling drink worth drinking. It turned out to be merely moistened sugar, with a phial in the middle, containing not essence of lemon, but an oily fluid with a smell of coal-tar. I saw cognac in French bottles, with French labels, selling at forty *sen* a quart, about a ninth of its cost price. I bought Smith's essence of coffee for a high price, alas! and on opening it found a sticky and bitter paste, which Ito declares is a decoction of the leaves of *ninjin*. Lastly, I bought some semi-transparent soap on trial, and use of it produced in half an hour a rash like a scarlatina!

If truth must be told, greed leads the Japanese into the most shameless impositions. Half the goods sold as foreign eatables and drinkables are compounded of vile and unwholesome trash, manufactured in Tokiyo and else-

where, put up in bottles and jars with the names and labels of such highly respectable makers as Bass, Martell, Guinness, and Crosse and Blackwell, upon them. The last firm regularly appends to its advertisement in the Yokohama papers a request that its bottles and jars may be destroyed when empty, to prevent disgusting or poisonous frauds. But to secure themselves in their trade of forgery, these unconscionable villains have establishments at Tokyo, not only for the manufacture of the compounds, but of the labels which give them currency, and some of these are such adroit forgeries as to be completely successful, while others would effectually deceive a purchaser were it not for certain inscrutable vagaries in spelling, of which I will give you only one instance, though I have suffered grievously myself in the matter of "lemon sugar." Thus a tooth powder in an English box with "Rose Dentifrice" at the top, takes in the buyer, but on examining the label which surrounds it, he finds "Rose Dentifruge, a preparation unequaled for leaving the toothache" (Cleansing the teeth). This is harmless, as the forgery is probably quite as efficacious as the original.—Isabella L. Bird, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, Vol. I. pp. 234-236.

NEW JAPAN: THE SCHOOLMASTER OF ASIA.

Japan has astonished the world by her marvelous strides to an acknowledged position among the first powers of the earth. Her development during the last half century is, in some respects, more remarkable than that of the United States. Fifty years ago, when Commodore Perry rapped somewhat roughly at her gates, she was, in material progress, governmental administration, and educational development, little beyond where she stood a thousand years before. Now her snug little realm is traversed with railways and spotted with manifold industries, her political system compares favourably with the monarchies of Europe, and her colleges and schools are graduating hosts of young men fitted for every position of responsibility. Her foreign commerce has expanded in thirty years from \$30,000,000 to \$300,000,000 per annum. This increase of 1,000 per cent. per annum, a record unrivaled by any other country in the same time or under similar conditions. Starting with no merchant marine, she now has her cargo and passenger steamers running to all parts of the globe in successful competition with the fleets of the older and richer nations. With no modern war vessels twenty years ago, she now has a navy ranking next to our own in effectiveness. With an army a few decades past that was barbaric in equip-ment,

she possesses to-day a trained armed force that, in comparison to her area and population, is second to none.

Although she entered upon ambitious responsibilities when she engaged in war with China and threw off the swaddling clothes of youth when she negotiated her new treaties for the abolition of extraterritoriality, she is now preparing to play a part in Asia more ambitious and more pregnant with responsibilities than any she has yet undertaken. Her new rôle may be described as that of the schoolmaster of Asia. In other words, recent events would indicate that Japan will be the chief influence to modernise China, to awaken Korea, to help Siam, and even incongruous though it seems, to coöperate with Russia in making Eastern Siberia habitable and prosperous. The Japanese army officer, lawgiver merchant, and general utility man seems to possess more all-round capabilities for bringing out what is best in his fellow Asiatic than any other national. The average Japanese understands thoroughly and completely the average Chinese, Korean, Siamese, and miscellaneous Asiatic, where the European and American labors in mystery and ignorance. This is natural. The Japanese people are akin to other Asiatics. They are probably of Malay origin and so have racial sympathies with the southern Asiatics. Their written language is the same as that of China and Korea in its higher forms, and hence they have in this a bond of closer union than any possessed by the Caucasian races. They understand the Asiatic point of view, and this is a matter of cardinal importance. They look at Europeans and Americans largely through the same glasses as they

gaze upon the rest of the Asiatic peoples. They are not compelled to reverse their methods of reasoning to appreciate how the Chinese, Koreans and Siamese reach a conclusion. They can teach and lead with a directness and efficiency that is lacking among Europeans. In bringing out these comparisons, I do not mean that the Japanese have not their weaknesses and shortcomings, or that in the comprehensive economy of the world they are in any way superior to the progressive races of Europe and America. They are simply better suited to deal with their own kind, and they have added to that quality immeasurable strength by studying, adopting, and mastering, to a commendable degree, the influences that have done so much to build up the nations and peoples of America and Europe. This argument is not a eulogy of Japan. It is frank description of what she is preparing to do at this hour. In playing the part of the schoolmaster of Asia she certainly will have the good will of America.—John Barrett,* in the *Review of Reviews*, Dec., 1902.

* 米人バーレット氏は聖路易萬國博覽會の代表者として東洋諸國の參加を求めん爲めに千九百〇二年に日本に來りたる人なるが歸國の上標題の如き一編を米國評論之評論紙上に公にして大に日本を稱揚せり

SUPERSTITIONS IN JAPAN.

Except as regards his characteristic indifference toward abstract ideas in general and metaphysical speculation in particular, the Occidentalized Japanese of to-day stands almost on the intellectual plane of the cultivated Parisian or Bostonian. But he is inclined to treat with undue contempt all conceptions of the supernatural ; and toward the great religious questions of the hour his attitude is one of perfect apathy. Rarely does his university training in modern philosophy impel him to attempt any independent study of relations, either sociological or psychological. For him, superstitions are simply superstitions ; their relation to the emotional nature of the people interests him not at all. And this not only because he thoroughly understands that people, but because the class to which he belongs is still unreasoningly, though quite naturally, ashamed of its older beliefs. Most of us who now call ourselves agnostics can recollect the feelings with which, in the period of our fresh emancipation from a faith far more irrational than Buddhism, we looked back upon the gloomy theology of our fathers. Intellectual Japan has become agnostic within only a few decades ; and the suddenness of this mental revolution sufficiently explains the principal, though not perhaps all the causes of the present attitude of the superior class toward Buddhism. For the time being it certainly borders upon intolerance ; and while such is the feeling even to religion as distinguished

from superstition, the feeling toward superstition as distinguished from religion must be something stronger still.

But the rare charm of Japanese life, so different from that of all other lands, is not to be found in its Europeanized circles. It is to be found among the great common people, who represent in Japan, as in all countries, the national virtues, and who still cling to their delightful old customs, their picturesque dresses, their Buddhist images, their household shrines, their beautiful and touching worship of ancestors. This is the life of which a foreign observer can never weary, if fortunate and sympathetic enough to enter into it,—the life that forces him sometimes to doubt whether the course of our boasted Western progress is really in the direction of moral development.

Each day, while the years pass, there will be revealed to him some strange and unsuspected beauty in it. Like other life, it has its darker side ; yet even this is brightness compared with the darker side of Western existence. It has its foibles, its follies, its vices, its cruelties ; yet the more one sees of it, the more one marvels at its extraordinary goodness, its miraculous patience, its never-failing courtesy, its simplicity of heart, its intuitive charity. And to our own larger Occidental comprehension, its commonest superstitions, however condemned at Tokyo, have rarest value as fragments of the unwritten literature of its hopes, its fears, its experience with right and wrong,—its primitive efforts to find solutions for the riddle of the Unseen. How much the lighter and kindlier superstitions of the people add to the charm of Japanese life can, indeed, be

understood only by one who has long resided in the interior. A few of their beliefs are sinister,—such as that in demon-foxes, which public education is rapidly dissipating; but a large number are comparable for beauty of fancy even to those Greek myths in which our noblest poets of to-day still find inspiration; while many others, which encourage kindness to the unfortunate, and kindness to animals, can never have produced any but the happiest moral results. The amusing presumption of domestic animals, and the comparative fearlessness of many wild creatures in the presence of man; the white clouds of gulls that hover about each incoming steamer in expectation of an alms of crumbs; the whirring of doves from temple-eaves to pick up the rice scattered for them by pilgrims; the familiar storks of ancient public gardens; the deer of holy shrines, awaiting cakes and caresses; the fish which raise their heads from sacred lotus-ponds when the stranger's shadow falls upon the water,—these and a hundred other pretty sights are due to fancies which, though called superstitious, inculcate in simplest form the sublime truth of the Unity of Life.—Lafcadio Hearn, in the preface to his *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*.

THE JAPANESE VISION-READERS.

Lightly as religion sits on the minds of these charming people, they are still, like Westerns, for the matter of that, full of superstitions. In point of fact all races are vastly

alike in this respect, illustrating the pernicious consequence of bad theologies ; “ *Doko no huni demo hito no kokoro wa chigawanai*,” says the Japanese proverb, meaning, “The hearts of men are of the same sort everywhere.” Thus you find the Japanese immense believers in dreams and divination. The night of January 2d is the great time for noting visions. Everybody must then notice and record what he or she dreams. There are thirty-eight varieties of vision perfectly catalogued and provided for. The first four are simply of splendid augury, namely to see in slumber Fuji-San, a falcon, egg-fruit, *i.e.*, the dark purple apple of the *nasubi*, or the upper sky. To dream of the dawn signifies recovery from illness. To dream of the sun and moon falling signifies the loss of one’s parents, and of swallowing the sun and moon, to have a distinguished child. To dream of being struck by lightning means to be visited by a signal stroke of prosperity, and of hearing thunder to obtain promotion. To dream of being surrounded by clouds means to prosper in business, but a black cloud whirling downward portends illness. To dream of frost is a bad omen generally. To dream of being caught in rain presages a good and gratuitous feed of rice and *sake*. To dream of wind blowing means to become sick. To dream of sunrise signifies marked promotion ; of the stars coming out, of great fortune ; of an earthquake, to obtain advancement. To dream of a big stone signifies to acquire wealth ; and of a big stone placed in a garden, or of mounting on a rock, is also fortunate, though in a more general way. To dream of having a drain dug is a

happy presage, but the vision of a land-slide is a bad business. To dream of planting trees or smelling the perfume of flowers is good, but to dream of entering a room is bad. To dream of eating a pear presages divorce, and of eating a persimmon sickness to one's self, while a vision of a mulberry-tree means sickness for one's child. The hair plays an important part in dreams. If one sees it whitening, or dreams of getting it dressed or washed, the omen is excellent; whereas to dream of its falling out signifies an evil fate for one's child. To lose one's teeth in a dream presages separation from relatives. It is good to dream of getting an eruption on one's face, but bad to dream of perspiration. It is also an excellent thing to dream of gold and silver coming out of one's mouth, or of drinking milk; but if one dreams of getting promotion, misfortune is in the air. A vision of being wounded by a burglar portends the receipt of a favor from some unexpected quarter, and, strange to say, to dream of wearing mourning points to speedy promotion, while to see a funeral in sleep is a sign of coming joy. Then there is a series of dreams to which the interpretation of general good fortune attaches; they are to dream of being introduced to a distinguished personage; of being in a lofty upper story; of a light breaking from one's body; of moving into a new house; of putting on a winter garment; and of looking into a mirror. On the other hand, it is extremely bad to dream of breaking a mirror, while to dream of receiving a mirror or a wine-cup presages the birth of a fine child. Finally, to dream of breaking a door means that one's servants will run away.

It will be noticed the Japanese seers, or vision-readers, follow the Irish maxim of "dhrames going by conth-rairies," and interpret the most melancholy visions in the happiest spirit. I myself happened to caution some Japanese ladies, at a railway crossing, mentioning that I had dreamed recently we were all cut to pieces by a passing train. "*Oh! shi awase! naruhodo!*" one exclaimed. "Really, how very fortunate! Nothing could be of better omen," and they appeared truly radiant at what had seemed to me a very ill-starred thing. Perhaps it is part of the national habit of taking all untoward things lightly. The universal silent social compact to make existence as agreeable for everybody as possible, includes in Japan the custom of never seeming to take personal woes to heart; above all, of never saddening other people with them. You may generally tell if some disaster has occurred to a friend or servant, by their extreme cheerfulness of demeanor at the time.—Sir Edwin Arnold, *Japonica*, pp. 122-124.

HUMANE CHARACTER OF THE JAPANESE AS REVEALED IN THE CHINA-JAPAN WAR.

The feature of the modern character to which I would call particular attention, as revealed in the war, is its humanity, shown by the *generally* admirable conduct to-

wards the vanquished (I have pointed to the Port Arthur massacre as a sad *exception*) and by the perfect arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded. This humanity in war has not always distinguished the Japanese. It is one of the best fruits of the new spirit infused into the nation, at first only amongst the highly educated, but gradually permeating all classes, ever since the adaptation of Western civilisation commenced. In the wild days of the strife between clans, the Japanese were certainly not distinguished by any feelings of tenderness for the vanquished, and it is no less certain that in our days some of the older people wondered at the care that was bestowed on the wounded Chinese, at the kind treatment of the prisoners, and at the equitable administration of the enemy's territory occupied by the troops. To such old Tories, untouched by the modern spirit, all this seemed mere foolishness. "The Chinese dare to oppose our Emperor's august will; they must be *killed*"—such was their reasoning. But the great majority of the nation acquiesced in the humane tendencies of the Government. This is amply proved by the readiness with which the troops—flushed with victory, and sorely tried by terrible hardships under the blazing sun of the Korean summer, or, later, amidst the Arctic frost and snow of Manchuria and of Northern China—obeyed the strict orders of the Commander-in-Chief, enjoining them to remember that they warred against the armies of China, not against its unarmed inhabitants, whose lives and property must be respected. And—except in the case of Port Arthur—these orders were carried out to the letter.

In every district occupied by the Japanese, a civil administration was established almost before the last shots of the engagement had ceased to echo, and the Chinese population found themselves, for the first time in their lives, in the enjoyment of absolute security of person and of property, and of equal justice for all. The Civil Commissioners in charge of the occupied districts were chosen from the Japanese Consular Service in China, and were, consequently, thoroughly acquainted with the characteristics, the social and economic condition, and the language of the people they were called upon to govern. They held the scales of justice impartially, severely repressing any pilfering, were it only of a fowl, or of a bag of millet, on the part of the Japanese soldiers. (What would our good friend Mr. Thomas Atkins say to this? The ghosts of many chickens surreptitiously purloined, not only from the enemy, but—as in South Africa—from friendly roosts as well, arise in judgment against him.) Looting was strictly forbidden, and all supplies obtained, even in the smallest quantity, had to be paid for at current rates. The same rule applied to the requisitioning of carts and of beasts of burden, and to all services rendered by the inhabitants, who were not slow in taking advantage of the opportunity of earning money. Bringing ample supplies to the markets that were established, they greatly facilitated the work of the admirable Japanese Commissariat—the only commissariat—except the German, and the excellent supply arrangements of the *Sirdar* Kitchener's Sudan Field Force that captured Omdurman—which has ever gone through a difficult

campaign without provoking curses, both loud and deep, from starving or ill-fed soldiers. They worked, and worked well, as Transport "Coolies," cheerfully carrying ammunition for the enemies of their country. What did it matter? The war was the affair of the Mandarins, not theirs. The Japanese treated them fairly and paid them honestly. "A-Yaw!" War was rather a good thing. Why, only last week a regiment of Chinese "Braves" had passed through the village—about two hundred men with rifles of a dozen different patterns, three or four hundred with spears, and bows and arrows, and one company of a hundred with German rifles, all alike, acting as the bodyguard of the Military Mandarin in command. They stayed but one night near the village—they seemed anxious to lose no time on the march—but they left the place as bare as a Buddhist priest's shaven head; they killed the *Ti-pao*, the Village Constable, who had remonstrated with them, plundered his house and bore away his good-looking daughter. And when old YING Yu-lin, the Village Elder, complained to the Military Mandarin he got a hundred strokes with the thin bamboo for his pains, "for causing unnecessary disturbance," the Mandarin said.—Arthur Diósy, *The New Far East*, pp. 117-119.

B U S H I .

The *bushi* was essentially a stoic. He made self-control the ideal of his existence, and practised the courageous endurance of suffering so thoroughly that he could without hesitation inflict on his own body pain of the severest description.

The power of surrendering life with heroic calmness has been developed by men in all ages, and is regarded by philosophers as an elementary form of human virtue, practised with most success in an uncivilised state of society before the finer appreciations of the imaginative and intellectual faculties have been developed by education. But the courage of the *bushi* cannot justly be ascribed to bluntness of moral sensibility resulting from semi-savage conditions of life. The current of existence in Japan from the Nara epoch onward set with general steadiness in the direction of artistic refinement and voluptuous luxury, amid which men could scarcely fail to acquire habits and tastes inconsistent with acts of high courage and great endurance. The *bushi's* mood, therefore, was not a product of semi-barbarous conditions, but rather a protest against emasculating civilization. He schooled himself to regard death inflicted by his own hand as a normal eventuality. The story of other nations shows epochs when death was welcomed as a relief and deliberately invited as a refuge from the mere weariness of living. But wherever there has been liberty to choose, and leisure to employ, a painless mode of exit

from the world, men have invariably selected it. The euthanasia of the Romans was achieved by the opened vein or the numbing herb, and only the barbarian captive who had to resort to any available weapon and to seize the earliest opportunity, displayed contempt of physical suffering in the hour of death. The *bushi*, however, deliberately adopted a mode of suicide so painful and so shocking that to school the mind to regard it with indifference and resort to it without flinching was a feat not easy to conceive. His method was to plunge a short sword into the left side of the abdomen, swoop it across to the right, giving it a sharp upward turn at the end of the gash; then to withdraw it, thrust it into the back of the neck, and cut towards the throat. Assistance was often rendered by a friend, who, sword in hand, stood ready to decapitate the victim immediately after the stomach had been gashed; but there were innumerable examples of men who consummated the tragedy without aid, especially when the sacrifice of life was by way of protest against the excesses of a feudal chief or the crimes of a ruler, or when some motive for secrecy existed.

It must be observed that the suicide of the *bushi* was never inspired by any doctrine like that of Hegesias. Death did not present itself to him as a legitimate means of escaping from the cares and disappointments of life. Self-destruction had only one consolatory aspect, namely, that it was the soldier's privilege to expiate a crime with his own sword, not under the hand of the executioner. He might not be haled before a legal tribunal, like a common peasant or an artisan. It rested with his feudal

chief to determine his guilt, and his peremptory duty was never to question the justice of an order to commit suicide, but to obey without murmur or protest. For the rest, the general motives were to escape the dishonour of falling into the hands of a victorious enemy, to remonstrate against some official abuse which no ordinary complaint could reach, or, by means of a dying protest, to turn a liege lord from pursuing courses injurious to his reputation and his fortunes. The last was the noblest reason for suicide, and by no means the most infrequent. Scores of examples are recorded of men who, with everything to make existence desirable, fortune, friends, high office, and higher prospects, deliberately laid down their lives at the prompting of loyalty, their sense of duty depriving the *seppuku* of all of its horrors. There the Japanese *bushi* rose to a remarkable height of moral nobility. He had no assurance that his death might not be wholly fruitless. So, indeed, it often proved. If the sacrifice achieved its purpose, if it turned a liege lord from evil courses into the path of sobriety, the *bushi* could hope that his memory would be honoured. But if, in obedience to the common promptings of human nature, the lord resented such a violent and conspicuous method of reproofing his excesses, then the faithful vassal's retribution would be an execrated memory and, perhaps, suffering for his family and relatives. Yet the deed was perpetrated again and again. The loyal servant committed to paper a last appeal to the better instincts of his master, and then calmly disembowelled himself.—Captain F. Brinkley, *Japan: History, Arts and Literature*, Vol. II. pp.183-186.

THE FIRE-FLY.

I went to a night fair two or three evenings ago, a humble show where little more than cakes and sweetmeats and straw sandals were sold ; but there was one stall full of winged lights, tiny stars of green fire clustering all over it. I bought about a hundred Princess Splendours in a black horsehair cage, and brought them home with me. Do you know the story of Princess Splendour ? She was, it seems, a tiny moon-child, so like a fire-fly that the old woodman (of fairy tales all the world over) picked her off a bamboo branch in the moonlight, and brought her home to his wife. She grew lovelier and brighter for twenty sweet years, till all the brown cottage shone with her beauty at night, and basked in it by day. Every one loved her, but most of all the Emperor, whom she loved too. But she could not marry him, because all her life was only to be twenty years, and the time was nearly up. And he hoped to keep her ; but at last the day came when she had to go, and Princess Splendour travelled home on a moonbeam, crying silver tears all the way, till Mother Moon took her in her arms and folded her to her warm white heart, quite away from the Emperor's eyes for ever. And all her tears take wings, and go flying about the woods on warm nights looking for the Emperor still, though she died an old, old woman hundreds of years ago. But the keeper of the strange stall at the fair (and I could hardly see it for the

darkness) had captured scores of the winged lights, and sold them by ones and twos in a dainty cage two inches long, with a green leaf for provisions, for two *rin*, a sum so small that we have no equivalent for it. I stood for a minute before the firefly stall, and then told the interpreter to say that I must have *ALL* the fireflies in *ALL* the cages. People gathered round in crowds, and one curious face after another pushed itself forward into the dim circle of light, staring at the reckless foreign woman who spent money in this mad way! But the foreign woman knew exactly what she wanted. Princess Splendour's lovely successors were not to be sold away one by one in cages on this warm spring night. I carried them all home in the horsehair box; and when everybody had gone to bed, I crept out into the balmy darkness of my garden, opened the box, and set all the lovely creatures free. This way and that they flew, their radiant lamps glowing and paling like jewels seen through water, some clinging to my hair and my hands as if afraid to plunge into the garden's unknown ways. I felt like a white witch who had called the stars down to play with her. Some of our people thought the same, I fancy; for I suddenly became aware of a string of dark figures hurrying across the shadowed lawns in a terrified rush for the servants' quarters, and I noticed the next day that I was approached with awe amounting to panic.—Mrs. Hugh Fraser, *Letters from Japan*, Vol. I. pp. 37-41.

THE FIREFLY HUNTER.

Many persons in Japan earn their living during the summer months by catching and selling fireflies: indeed, the extent of this business entitles it to be regarded as a special industry. The chief centre of this industry is the region about Ishiyama, in Goshu, by the Lake of Omi,—a number of houses there supplying fireflies to many parts of the country, and especially to the great cities of Osaka and Kyoto. From sixty to seventy firefly-catchers are employed by each of the principal houses during the busy season. Some training is required for the occupation. A tyro might find it no easy matter to catch a hundred fireflies in a single night; but an expert has been known to catch three thousand. The method of capture, although of the simplest possible kind, is very interesting to see.

Immediately after sunset, the firefly-catcher goes forth, with a long bamboo pole upon his shoulder, and a long bag of brown mosquito-netting wound, like a girdle, about his waist. When he reaches a wooded place frequented by fireflies,—usually some spot where willows are planted, on the bank of a river or lake,—he halts and watches the trees. As soon as the trees begin to twinkle satisfactorily, he gets his net ready, approaches the most luminous tree, and with his long pole strikes the branches. The fireflies, dislodged by the shock, do not immediately take flight, as more active insects would do under like circumstances, but drop helplessly to the ground, beetle-

wise, where their light—always more brilliant in moments of fear or pain—renders them conspicuous. If suffered to remain upon the ground for a few moments, they will fly away. But the catcher, picking them up with astonishing quickness, using both hands at once, deftly tosses them *into his mouth*—because he cannot lose the time required to put them, one by one, into the bag. Only when his mouth can hold no more, does he drop the fireflies, unharmed, into the netting.

Thus the firefly-catcher works until about two o'clock in the morning,—the old Japanese hour of ghosts,—at which time the insects begin to leave the trees and seek the dewy soil. There they are said to bury their tails, so as to remain viewless. But now the hunter changes his tactics. Taking a bamboo broom he brushes the surface of the tuft, lightly and quickly. Whenever touched or alarmed by the broom, the fireflies display their lanterns, and are immediately nipped and bagged. A little before dawn, the hunters return to town.

At the firefly-shop the captured insects are sorted as soon as possible, according to the brilliancy of their light, the more luminous being the higher-priced. Then they are put into gauze-covered boxes or cages, with a certain quantity of moistened grass in each cage. From one hundred to two hundred fireflies are placed in a single cage, according to grade. To these cages are attached small wooden tablets inscribed with the names of customers, such as hotel proprietors, restaurant-keepers, wholesale and retail insect-merchants, and private persons who have ordered large quantities of fire-

flies for some particular festivity. The boxes are despatched to their destinations by nimble messengers, for goods of this class cannot be safely intrusted to express companies.

Great numbers of fireflies are ordered for display at evening parties in the summer season. A large Japanese guest-room usually overlooks a garden; and during a banquet or other evening entertainment, given in the sultry season, it is customary to set fireflies at liberty in the garden after sunset, that the visitors may enjoy the sight of the sparkling. Restaurant-keepers purchase largely. In the famous Dotombori of Osaka, there is a house where myriads of fireflies are kept in a large space enclosed by mosquito-netting; and customers of this house are permitted to enter the enclosure and capture a certain number of fireflies to take home with them.—Lafcadio Hearn, *Kotto*, pp. 144-147.

THE INQUISITIVE STUDENT.

“Old Japan,” in the opinion of Mr. Lafacadio Hearn, “was quite as much in advance of the nineteenth century morally as she was behind materially. She had made morality instinctive.” This verdict is not yet of purely historic interest; it may be tested by all who care to travel beyond the radius of photographs and railways.

In remote districts, where the innkeeper charges a minimum price, relying for profit on the generosity of his guest, whose present is acknowledged by the bestowal of a fan or an embroidered towel, even such fugitive relations rest on a benevolent rather than a wholly commercial basis. Patriarchal manners—contented submission, fidelity, courtesy—yield a rich return of domestic happiness. The struggle for life and for wealth is tempered by self-sacrificing customs and amenities. If the apprentice be willing to work for no other wage than his master's approval and satisfaction through long probationary years, the master, on his side, will resign his charge into the hands of a younger generation before decrepitude has come to rob "honorable retirement" of its grace. If the young wife devote her summer to unquestioning service of her husband and his parents, she has her reward when her sons' wives repay her with the same filial homage. Similar ties, imposing restraint on egoism and sanctified by public esteem, have had their full share in developing those amiable qualities which every observer has acknowledged. But the break-up of feudal society cannot fail to react on the manners which reflected feudal discipline. The Western ideals of liberty, equality, and self-assertion, the decay of religious belief, the necessity of fighting on even terms in the great competitive *mêlée* to the tune of "The devil take the hindmost, oh!" and, it must be added, the example set by the rest of the world, which does not practise altruism, whatever its representatives may preach, all these factors tend to harden and sharpen the modernised Japanese

A curious sign of the independent spirit, nourished on new ideas and strangely at variance with the old, is the organised indiscipline of schoolboys. During the six months which the writer spent in the country two flagrant cases occurred of defiance of authority, by no means unusual, it would appear, in scholastic experience, if one might judge by the comments of the local Press. In one case the majority of the scholars absented themselves for a fortnight as a protest against the alleged incapacity of the teacher, and maltrated a more docile minority who endeavoured to resume their lessons. In another the upper forms refused to recognise the authority of a head-master appointed by the Government, on the ground that his talents and attainments fell below the standard which they deemed desirable in the director of their studies. In consequence, the unfortunate nominee of the Minister of Education was completely boycotted ; his class-room was deserted, his suggestions ignored ; and, on the occasion of the annual prize-giving, he was publicly insulted, for, whereas the whole school rose and remained standing as a mark of respect during the speeches of distinguished visitors, when their unfortunate chief began his address they resumed their seats and engaged in loud conversation, after the manner of our own House of Commons when the suppression of an unwelcome orator is desired. The most surprising feature in both these instances was that a section of the Japanese Press, instead of regarding the incidents as deplorable, indeed, but as domestic matters, which it concerned only the governing body to regulate, made them the subject of a long polemic, sided

with or against the malcontents, and, in short, exalted the revolting schoolboys into fellow-citizens "rightly struggling to be free." The college Hampden does not shrink from his *rôle*, and is prepared in the interests of curiosity and "the higher education" to cross-examine a newly-appointed professor, insufficiently protected by a Harvard or Oxford reputation, on his knowledge of Shakespeare, his theological beliefs, his preference for "the open door" or the gradual partition of China. If this precocious independence conflict with our old fashioned notions of modesty and reverence on the part of adolescence towards its seniors, it should make life more amusing for the professor, who, after all, is better off with inquisitive than with incurious pupils. I am confirmed in my supposition that the autonomous schoolboy is not at all abnormal by a schoolmaster of nearly ten years' standing, who writes: "In the Occident the master expels the pupil. In Japan it happens quite as often that the pupil expels the master. Each public school is an earnest, spirited little republic." One thing is certain. The youth are as eager to absorb knowledge as the teacher to impart it; idleness is rare; without extraordinary application but little progress can be made. For it should not be forgotten that four or five years must be devoted to the sole acquisition of a working stock of Chinese ideographs, the scholars needlessly complicated alphabet, before he attacks Western science, law, language, or medicine, themselves supplementary to subjects of native growth. Demands so various can only be met by the most systematic precision, and in effect no country has

more carefully organised popular education. To organise comes naturally to the Japanese, and this capacity explains the apparent contradiction of co-existent order and revolt. The revolt is always corporate, one organisation within another. Whether the disaffected body consist of waiters, or workmen, or schoolboys, it has to be treated as a collective unit. The objects pursued—higher wages, more liberty, more privileges—may bear the impress of democratic ambition, but the spirit in which they are fought for is that of feudal obedience to a common call.—Osman Edwards, *Japanese Plays and Playfellows*, pp. 18-21.

THE CHARACTER OF THE JAPANESE PEOPLE.

Modern authorities, endeavoring to summarize the character of the inhabitants of "Dai Nippon," appear fairly unanimous with regard to the fine manners, the high spirit, the docility, the loyalty, industry, neatness, and artistic genius of this race; but one complains of their secretiveness and disregard of truth; another of their lack of "chastity and sobriety;" and others, like M. Pierre Loti, in his "*Madame Chrysanthème*," seem to take Japan as a bright and fascinating freak of geography and ethnology: too *petit*, *bizarre*, *grotesque*, *minuscule*, *manière* to love; too *drôle*, *mignon*, *amusant*, *aimable* to

speak very ill of. Merchants inveigh against the unbusiness-like qualities of the Japanese, and compare them disadvantageously with the natives of China; finding them petty, shilly-shallying, and untrustworthy. Scientific and serious natures lament the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind. Metaphysical, psychological, ethical questions and problems—say these—have no interest for their practical and superficial natures. Good-hearted they are, artistic, delightfully polite, nice in persons and ways; yet—declare other judges—“deceitful, insincere, vain, frivolous,” and as regards their women, tyrannical, one-sided, and semi-barbarous. Medical works, portraying them physically, tell us that the Japanese are Mongols, distinguished by a yellowish skin, straight black hair, scanty beard, almost total absence of hair on the arms, legs, and chest, broadish prominent cheek-bones, and more or less obliquely set eyes.

Compared with people of European race the average Japanese has a long body and short legs, a large skull, with a tendency to prognathism, a flat nose, coarse hair, scanty eyelashes, prominent eyelids, a sallow complexion, and a low stature. The average height of Japanese men is about the same as that of European women. The women are proportionately smaller and better-looking than the men, with pretty manners and charming voices. Japanese children they allow to be most taking, with their grave little demure ways, their old-fashioned airs, their almost preternatural propriety of conduct. All seem to conclude that the Japanese have less highly strung nerves than Europeans, bearing pain with admirable

calm, and meeting death with comparative indifference. Mr. Chamberlain justly attributes this, in a large degree, to the silent and benign influence of Buddhism, as being "a tolerant and hopeful creed, promising rest at last to all." It is, however, a fact well known to doctors in Japan, that a vast number of maladies there are hysterical; and it is doubtful to my mind whether any nation possesses a more finely developed nervous organization than its people. Their love of light and delicate pleasures; their keen appreciation of the tea-cup, of the spray of cherry-blossom, or of the maple-branch, whose leaves are green stars, of the tiny pipe, of the deliciously mingled landscapes of their country, go to show their extreme impressionability. I should be the last to depreciate the indubitable effect of the gentle and lofty teachings of Buddhism in fortifying and elevating the national nature, but my own opinion is, that the central characteristic of the Japanese is self-respect, and that their patience, their fearlessness, their quietism, their resignation, and a large proportion of their other virtues, have root in this deep and universal quality.—Sir Edwin Arnold, *Japonica*, pp. 92-94.

THE REGENERATION OF JAPAN.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Japanese are mere imitators, or have simply borrowed the tools and appliances of the West. In reality, Japan

never was, in spite of all attempts to make her so, a hermit nation. During all the times of her isolation, the loophole of communication with Europe through Holland was kept open. For two centuries and a half there flowed in steadily a constant stream of information, ideas, and books, until, at last, even before the nineteenth century, the study of the Dutch language was begun. This brought to students the scientific, and especially the medical, knowledge of Europe. Nagasaki became the goal of hundreds of inquiring spirits, and these returning to their isolated homes, made centres of light and inspiration. The nation at large was slowly leavened and made ready for transformation. Perry's fleet, in 1853, had to be surrounded by a cordon of boats, less to keep in the foreigner than to keep back and out the native seeker after the secrets of Western power. The interior history of Japan, as of the catacombs, shows a line of martyrs for the sake of knowledge. If a row of Japanese biographies standing on the writer's shelves, printed since 1880, were put into English, the story would be one of thrilling detail. To-day many fair monuments rise over the ashes of men whose books were once seized and destroyed, while their bodies languished in prison for publishing knowledge then supposed to be dangerous. The fact to be noted is that Japan, unlike Korea or China, had a large body of educated men prepared for the changes which our century demanded.

The Japanese have attained to unity, national consciousness, and even recognition of equality among the nations of the world. The chief causes were the study of

their own native language, literature, and history; the revival of pure Shinto, the presence of the Dutch, and, above all, the coming of alien teachers and healers. "Beautiful new Japan came from over the sea," said one whom the Mikado decorated and buried, and to whom the Japanese themselves reared a statue. Yet the methods used differed from those in China. In all the disturbances and violence, between 1860 and 1870, there were no outbursts of mobs or uprisings of the people at large. Every act which broke the peace was of individual initiative and execution by *Samurai*. Yet no history of the time, worthy of the name, could leave out the work of the American missionaries in teaching and healing, and in the training of the young men who were leaders in reform. One, especially, Guido F. Verbeck, from 1859 to 1868 taught scores of young men in the constitutions of the United States and of the European states, and in their law, as well as in the New Testament, his pupils becoming Cabinet Ministers and filling scores of important offices. When called to Tokio by his former pupils to advise them in multifarious courses of action, he elaborated a system of national education, organised and personally directed their university, dictated the language in which medical science should be expressed, proposed and planned in detail the great embassy of 1874, persuaded them to abandon persecution, assisted them for many years by advice and in the translation of the world's great documents in law and government, and urged them to secure unity by the formation of a national army and navy. Furthermore, Japan changed her

capital, gave up the ridiculous mystery-play of a sedentary Son of Heaven hidden behind screens, made him walk out in public, cut off at one stroke her hereditary pension list of two millions, made office dependent on ability, and threw open the army, navy, courts, schools, commerce, and the professions to all. Thus, a so-called hermit nation accomplished regeneration from within. Although there were naval actions which tended powerfully to open the eyes of brave but narrow-minded patriots, yet Japan was never invaded by a foreign army. During their many humiliations, through long-postponed justice in diplomacy, the Japanese gave themselves all the more seriously to the mastery of constitutional government and of modern problems. Hence Japan is now the teacher of Asian nations and the leader in their transformation.—W. E. Griffis,* *The Century's Change in Japan and China*.

IN A JAPANESE GARDEN.

After having learned—merely by seeing, for the practical knowledge of the art requires years of study and experience, besides a natural, instinctive sense of beauty—

* 著者は明治の初め越前藩の聘に依り福井に於て物理學 英學 等を教授し留まること二三年其著 Mikado's Empire は今日に於ては稍や陳腐に屬するが如きも外人の著はせる日本歴史としては 今猶 最良の書籍として 洽く愛讀せらる

something about the Japanese manner of arranging flowers, one can thereafter consider European ideas of floral decoration only as vulgarities. This observation is not the result of any hasty enthusiasm, but a conviction settled by long residence in the interior. I have come to understand the unspeakable loveliness of a solitary spray of blossoms arranged as only a Japanese expert knows how to arrange it,—not by simply poking the spray into a vase, but by perhaps one whole hour's labor of trimming and posing and daintiest manipulation,—and therefore I cannot think now of what we Occidentals call a "bouquet" as anything but a vulgar murdering of flowers, and an outrage upon the color-sense, a brutality, an abomination. Somewhat in the same way, and for similar reasons, after having learned what an old Japanese garden is, I can remember our costliest gardens at home only as ignorant displays of what wealth can accomplish in the creation of incongruities that violate nature.

Now a Japanese garden is not a flower garden, neither is it made for the purpose of cultivating plants. In nine cases out of ten there is nothing in it resembling a flower-bed. Some gardens may contain scarcely a sprig of green; some have nothing green at all, and consist entirely of rocks and pebbles and sand, although these are exceptional. As a rule, a Japanese garden is a landscape garden, yet its existence does not depend upon any fixed allowance of space. It may cover one acre or many acres. It may also be only ten feet square. It may, in extreme cases, be much less; for certain kind of Japanese

gardens can be contrived small enough to put in a *tokonoma*. Such a garden, in a vessel no larger than a fruit-dish, is called *koniwa* or *tokoniwa*, and may occasionally be seen in the *tokonoma* of humble little dwellings so closely squeezed between other structures as to possess no ground in which to cultivate an outdoor garden. (I say "an outdoor garden," because there are indoor gardens, both upstairs and downstairs, in some large Japanese houses) The *toko-niwa* is usually made in some curious bowl, or shallow carved box, or quaintly shaped vessel impossible to describe by any English word. Therein are created minuscule hills with minuscule houses upon them, and microscopic ponds and rivulets spanned by tiny humped bridges; and queer wee plants do duty for trees, and curiously formed pebbles stand for rocks, and there tiny *tōrō*, perhaps a tiny *torii* as well,—in short, a charming and living model of a Japanese landscape.—Lafcadio Hearn, *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, Vol. II. pp. 344, 345.

HONORIFICS IN JAPANESE.

For the most part, the absolutely necessary personal references are introduced by honorifics: that is, by honorable or humble expressions. Such is a portion of the latter's duty. They do a great deal of unnecessary work besides. These honorifics are taken as a whole, one of the most interesting peculiarities of Japanese, as also of

Korean, just as, taken in detail, they are one of its most dangerous pitfalls. For silence is indeed golden compared with the chargin of discovering that a speech which you had meant for a compliment was, in fact, an insult, or the vexation of learning that you have been industriously treating your servant with the deference due a superior,—two catastrophes are sure to follow the attempts of even the most cautious of beginners. The language is so thoroughly imbued with the honorific spirit that the exposure of truth in all its naked simplicity is highly improper. Every idea requires to be more or less clothed in courtesy before it is presentable; and the garb demanded by etiquette is complex beyond conception. To begin with, there are certain preliminary particles which are simply honorific, serving no other purpose whatsoever. In addition to these there are for every action a small infinity of verbs, each sacred to a different degree of respect. For instance, to our verb “to give,” corresponds a complete social scale of Japanese verbs, each conveying the idea a shade more politely than its predecessor; only the very lowest meaning anything so prebeian as simply “to give.” Sets of laudatory or depreciatory adjectives are employed in the same way. Lastly, the word for “is,” which strictly means “exists,” expresses this existence under three different forms,—in a matter-of-fact, a flowing, or an inflated style; the solid, liquid, and gaseous states of conversation, so to speak, to suite the person addressed. But three forms being far too few for the needs of so elaborate a politeness, these are supplemented by many interpolated grades.

Terms of respect are applied not only to those mortals who are held in estimation higher than their fellows, but to all men indiscriminately as well. The grammatical attitude of the individual toward the speaker is of as much importance as his social standing, I being beneath contempt, and you above criticism.

Honorifics are used not only on all possible occasions for curtesy, but at times, it would seem, upon impossible ones; for in some instances the most subtle diagnosis fails to reveal in them a relevancy to anybody. That the commonest objects should bear titles because of their connection with some particular person is comprehensible, but what excuse can be made for a phrase like the following, "It respectfully does that the august seat exists," all of which simply means "is," and may be applied to anything, being the common word—in Japanese it is all one word now—for that apparently simple idea. It would seem a sad waste of valuable material. The real reason why so much distinguished consideration is shown the article in question lies in the fact that it is treated as existing with reference to the person addressed, and therefore becomes *ipso facto* august.

Here is a still subtler example. You are, we will suppose, at a tea-house, and you wish for sugar. The following almost stereotyped conversation is pretty sure to take place. I translate it literally, simply prefacing that every tea-house girl, usually in the first blush of youth, is generically addressed as "elder sister,"—another honorific, at least so considered in Japan.

You clap your hands. (*Enter teahouse maiden.*)

You. Hai, elder sister, augustly exists there sugar?

The T. H. M. The honorable sugar, augustly is it?

You. So, augustly.

The T. H. M. Hè (indescribable expression of assent)

Exit tea-house maiden to fetch the sugar)

Now, the “augustlies” go almost without saying, but why is the sugar honorable? Simply because it is eventually going to be offered to you. But she would have spoken of it by precisely the same respectful title, if she had been obliged to inform you that there was none, in which case it never could have become yours. Such is politeness. We may note, in passing, that all her remarks and all yours, barring your initial question meant absolutely nothing. She understood you perfectly from the first, and you knew she did; but then, if all of us were to say only what were necessary, the delightful art of conversation would soon be nothing but a science. —Percival Lowell, *The Soul of the Far East*, pp. 84-88.

JAPANESE BEAUTY.

Two hundred years ago Kaempfer, who first described for Europeans the manners and customs of Japan, wrote that the woman of Saga, on the Inland Sea of Japan, were “handsomer than those of any other Asiatic country.” In 1876 Mr. W. E. Griffis was led to declare

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that, "the fairest sights in Japan are Japan's fair daughters." In 1802 Mr. Henry Norman, in describing the "Real Japan," said, that if Japanese women generally adopt foreign dress, the stream of foreign visitors will turn aside from Japan ;" thereby implying that these women, with their picturesque costumes and ways, are the principal attraction to tourists. I quite agree with him in this, as well as in his assertion that "prettiness is the rule among Japanese women." Every one interested in this topic knows of the rhapsodies of Sir Edwin Arnold over the Japanese *musumé*. It is true that tastes differ ; some tourists have blatantly declared that there is absolutely no female beauty in Japan. I can understand these critics, but cannot sympathize with them. If a man's taste leads him to look upon a tall, buxom, queenly, Scandinavian, English, or German blonde as his ideal of beauty, he will be disappointed in Japan, for such women do not exist there. But if his ideal of beauty is the graceful, elegant, petite brunette of Andalusia, his eyes will be constantly delighted in Japan by visions of loveliness and grace. I frankly confess that what made me plan my visit to Japan was the knowledge that all the women are built after this type. And I confess, too, that after a few weeks among these graceful, miniature beauties, the few large foreign women I saw seemed angular, ungainly, plain, and masculine. Nowhere on four continents have I seen eyes, black and brown, more lovely in color and shape than in Tokyo and Kyoto ; nowhere hands and wrists more delicately moulded ; nowhere arms and busts more beautifully rounded ; nowhere

lips more refined and inviting, though they are ignorant of the art of kissing ; nowhere more perfect grace of attitude and gesture, above the waist. Their gait alone is clumsy, because of their clogs and their fashion of turning in the toes. I object also to the prevalent use of paint and powder on cheeks and lips, and to the national habit of combing back the hair from the forehead. Were these objectionable habits amended, the obvious proportion of beauty would be still greater.—Henry T. Finck, *Lotos-Time in Japan*, pp. 74-75.

LACK OF IMAGINATIVE POWER OF THE JAPANESE POET.

A feature which strikingly distinguishes the Japanese poetic muse from that of western nations is a certain lack of imaginative power. The Japanese are slow to endow inanimate objects with life. Shelley's *Cloud*, for example, contains enough matter of this kind for many volumes of Japanese verse. Such lines as

“ From my wings are shaken
The dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest
On their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun,”

would appear to them ridiculously overcharged with metaphor, if not absolutely unintelligible. Still more foreign to their genius is the personification of abstract qualities. Abstract words are comparatively few, and it does not occur to the Japanese poet (or painter) to represent Truth, Justice, and Faith, as comely damsels in flowing robes, or to make Love a chubby naked boy with wings and a bow and arrows. Muses, Graces, Virtues, Furies,—in short, the host of personifications without which Western poetry would be only a shadow of itself—have little counterpart in Japanese literature.

This impersonal habit of the Japanese mind is shared by them with other races of the Far East, notably China. It is not confined to poetry, or even to literature, but it is profoundly characteristic of their whole mental attitude, showing itself in their grammar, which is most sparing of personal pronouns; in their art, which has no school of portrait painting or monumental sculpture worth mentioning; in late and imperfect developement of the drama; and in their religious temper, with its strong bent towards rationalism, and its hazy recognition of a ruling personal power in the universe. To their minds things happen, rather than are done; the tides of fate are far more real to them than the strong will and the endeavour which wrestles with them. The significance of this fact in regard to the moral and psychological development of these races may be left to others to determine. It is sufficient here to note its influence on the literature, and especially on the poetry—W. G. Aston, *A History of Japanese Literature*, pp. 30-31.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER justly holds that of all the feelings which hold the family together, filial love, or the care of the parents by their children was the last to be developed. From this point of view Japan represents a much higher stage of evolution than we do. Their filial affection has long been the strongest of all feelings whereas we are all still in that stage of semi-barbarism wherein children indulge in the "luxury of disrespect" toward parents. There is nothing that American and European parents dread more than the idea of falling a burden to their children in old age, although, since they took care of their children for twenty years, there is no reason why the children, in turn, should not provide for them. In Japan, says Miss Bacon, a man

"looks with scorn on foreign countries which seem to betoken a fear lest, in old age, ungrateful children may neglect their parents and cast them aside. An aged parent is never a burden, is treated by all with the greatest love and tenderness; and if times are hard, and food and other comforts are scarce, the children, as a matter of course, deprive themselves and their children to give ungrudgingly to their old father and mother..... Young America may learn a salutary lesson by the study of the place that old people occupy in the home."

Conversely, the treatment of children by parents makes Japan "a very paradise of babies" as Sir Rutherford Alcock called it. Here is the testimony of Miss Bird:—

"I never saw people take so much interest in their offspring, carrying them about, or holding them in their hands in walking, watching, and entering into their games, supplying them constantly with new toys, taking them to picnics and festivals, never being content to be without them, and treating other people's children, also, with a suitable measure of affection and attention."

Possibly, Japanese parents do not love their children more deeply than American parents, but they certainly love them more wisely. They dress them more sensibly, keep them healthy by constant out-door life, bring them up on the food intended for them by nature. And what is the result? I was in Japan three weeks before I heard a baby cry, and I never saw any of them quarrel or fight, among all the thousands I saw in the streets and the open houses. Once more I beg permission to quote Miss Bacon, who had very unusual opportunities for studying Japanese family life. The following citation is so important and suggestive, that, contrary to the usual custom, I must ask the printer to put it into larger type than the author's text:—

"A JAPANESE CHILD SEEMS TO BE THE PRODUCT OF A MORE PERFECT CIVILISATION THAN OUR OWN, FOR IT COMES INTO THE WORLD WITH LITTLE OF THE SAVAGERY AND BARBARIAN BAD MANNERS THAT DISTINGUISHES THE CHILDREN OF THIS COUNTRY, AND THE FIRST TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS OF ITS LIFE DO NOT SEEM TO BE PASSED IN ONE LONG STRUGGLE TO ACQUIRE A COATING OF GOOD MANNERS THAT WILL HELP TO RENDER IT LESS OBNOXIOUS IN POLITE SOCIETY."

The implication of this sentence is that the Japanese nation has been civilised so many generations that its children are born civilised, while ours too often pass through the evolutionary stages of monkeys and savages, before they reach that of man ; and some never reach it. There is no need of scolding or punishing Japanese children, no need of urging them to go to school. Japan is probably the only country in the world where children prefer school to holidays, dearly as they love the latter. As to their behavior in school, let me quote the testimony of Mr. Hearn after two years' experience in various places : " I have never had personal knowledge of any serious quarrel between students, and have never even heard of a fight among my pupils, and I have taught some eight hundred boys and young men." On another page he says : " Well, I have been fourteen months in Izumo, and I have not yet heard voices raised in anger, or witnessed a quarrel ; never have I seen one man strike another, or a woman bullied, or a child slapped."—Henry T. Finck, *Lotos-Time in Japan*, pp. 313-316.

RECENT PROGRESS OF JAPAN.

Before crediting the Japanese with exceptional qualities for the sake of their modern progress, we must agree upon a standard of comparison, and that is difficult, since the history of nations furnishes only one case approxi-

mately paralled to that of Japan. Were any liberal-minded Western people brought suddenly into contact with a civilization immensely higher than its own, a civilisation presenting material advantages and attractions that the least intelligent must appreciate, who can venture to gauge the impulse of adoption or the speed of assimilation that such a people would develop? Suppose that to the eyes of the English of a hundred years ago there had been abruptly exposed a stage whereon railways ran, steamboats plied, telegraphs flashed their messages to limitless distances, telephones made whispers audible across continents, torpedoes, breech-loaders, machine guns, and iron-clads revolutionised warfare, carriages were propelled by electricity, and men travelled at the rate of thirty miles an hour on machines which could not stand upright at rest,—would not the display have revolutionised England? Yet this catalogue of wonders has to be largely extended before it covers the exhibition by which Japan was dazzled forty years ago. No wonder that she stretched out eager hands to grasp such an array of novelties.

If that were all she had done, it might not be fair to say that any intelligent people would have acted with less vigour under similar circumstances. But Japan did not confine herself to adopting the externals of Western civilisation. She became an eager pupil of its scientific, political, moral, philosophic, and legislative system also. She took the spirit as well as the letter, and by so doing differentiated herself effectively from Oriental States. It has been objected that this wholesale receptivity was

limited to a few leaders of thought,—to the literati and the military patricians whose will had always been law to the commoners. Certainly that is true as to the initiative. But it is unimaginable that such sweeping changes could have been effected in a quiet and orderly manner had not the hearts of the people been with the reformers. In Japan no railways were torn up, no machines wrecked, no lines of telegraph demolished by labourers who feared for their own employment or fanatics who saw their superstitions slighted. Rapid as was the pace set by the leaders of progress, the masses did not hang back. That tribute at least must be paid to the nation's intelligent liberality by any honest writer of its modern history. We may deny that other peoples might not have done as well, but we can scarcely affirm that any would have done better. The only known instance of parallel opportunity was China, and to China, after a hundred years of scrutiny, the advantages of Occidental civilisation are still invisible.

Another point to be noted in analysing the causes of Japan's success is that many phases of her own civilisation were superior to the civilisation of the West when she began to assimilate the better parts of the latter. She did not bring to the examination of Occidental systems and their products a mind wholly untrained to distinguish the good from the bad. In her social conventionalisms, in her refinements of life, in her altruistic ethics, in many of her canons of domestic conduct, in her codes of polite etiquette, in her applications of art, she could have given to Europe lessons as useful as those she had to learn from

it. That she should see the right quickly might have been anticipated. Then there was her ambition, an absorbing sentiment. Almost from the first moment when she looked out on the world which had so long been hidden from her, she detected the wide interval separating her material civilisation from that of the West. Thenceforth it became the constantly expressed aspiration of every educated Japanese that his country soon "get level" with Occidental nations in the race of progress. That wish was paramount from the very beginning. There was not the least attempt to throw any bridge of extenuation across the gulf of inferiority. The frankly recognised facts inspired an earnest resolve to alter them if possible, and as speedily as possible. How many Japanese students have overtaxed their powers of endurance under the goad of aspiration, how many statesmen have made it the prime motive of their administration, no one can conceive who has not observed these people closely since they first stepped out of the shadow of isolation. —Captain F. Brinkley, *Japan: Its History Arts and Literature*, Vol. I. pp. 11-14.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC BATHS.

There is a distinction between private and public baths, both in respect of their internal arrangements and also of the purpose which they serve. In the former the bath

(furo) is a pretty deep wooden tub of a blunt oval form, shorter than the body. At its sharper end projects a small sheet-iron flue, which is connected below with a small fire apparatus, and is employed to heat the surrounding water. The *furo* is placed according to circumstances near the kitchen, or in a separate bath-room (*yu-dono*) on the side of the court and garden. Towards five or six o'clock in the afternoon, or even some hours later, according to the quality used, the water is heated, and then used in succession from the master of the house to the humblest servant. In inns the most distinguished visitor has the preference. After the visitors follow the heads of the family and children; and last come the servants, so that sometimes thirty persons or more one after another use the same water, and the process is prolonged far into the night. The repulsive element of such an arrangement is somewhat lessened when we remember that the process is repeated every day, that soap and other materials that soil the water are not used, the whole consisting rather in a rapid washing down of the body, while an arrangement at the side of the bath gives every one who leaves it the opportunity of washing his face and hands with clean spring water that is not used by anybody else. To the traveller such a bath is a great refreshment. He undresses in his room, throws about him a light cotton gown (*yu-kata*), reaching to the ankles, and held together by a girdle round the waist, and thus betakes himself to the *yu-dono*. In the better houses the bathing arrangements are in connection with the entertaining rooms. A small ante-room with mirror, etc. is

used to put on the *yu-kata*. The *furo* in the adjoining bath-room stands upon a trellis-work of laths. Everything is unexceptionably clean, and the bath itself, made of beautiful white *hino-ki*, is very inviting. Beside it stands upon a small low table the brightly polished copper or brazen wash-basin in the form of a cylinder of from five to eight centimetres deep, with clean water, and near it a porcelain saucer with salt for cleaning the teeth. The new tooth-brush (*yôji*), which lies near, a white willow rod of the length of the hand, somewhat sharpened at one end, at the other converted by numerous inch-deep cuts into a pretty stiff brush of fibres, can easily be replaced. These utensils for cleaning the teeth are very cheap—a *yôji* costing less than a farthing—and therefore within everybody's reach, and generally used to a degree which cannot be paralleled among any other people in the world.

With these excellent arrangements, the placing of the bath near the house, and not unfrequently even at the side of the road, stands indeed in strong contrast. The unconcern with which the female members of the household use the bath in view of the men and of passers-by has caused many a European no little astonishment.

There are many public bath-houses for the people in every town. The passer-by easily recognises them by the steam and noise issuing therefrom, for these establishments serve not only the purposes of cleanliness, but those also of entertainment and recreation. Here acquaintances meet each other daily, to smoke their pipes or chat together, before or after their ablutions. Formerly

both sexes bathed together without any concern, they are now separated by a plank partition barely one and a half metres high. The Japanese, though on the whole he does not stand upon a high level of morality, did not upon such occasions indulge himself in anything that was unseemly even according to our ideas. It was only contact with Europeans that opened his eyes, and put an end to this Paradisaical simplicity. Was it a sign of moral corruption, or even of a want of decency? By no means. In Japan, the grown-up man accustomed to see his mother and sisters at their work about the house with the upper part of the body uncovered, regards female nudity from quite another standpoint than that of the European. Even the morally very sensitive and high-toned native did not regard it as unfitting for his nearest female relatives to perform their daily ablutions in his presence, and they likewise knew that in so doing they violated none of their country's moral laws. Bashfulness is undoubtedly a product of social life and civilisation, as was pointed out long ago by Rousseau. It is no criterion of morality, appears in different forms, and varies with the education of mankind and with the climate in which they live.—J. J. Rein, *Japan: Travells and Researches*, pp. 411-413.

ENGLISHMEN IN YOKOHAMA.

The predominating culture, thought, manners, dress, and household economy in Yokohama, as in all the Eastern ports, is English. Outnumbering all the other nationalities, with the Press, the Church, the Bar, and the Banks in their own hands ; with their ever-present soldiers and navy ; with their unrivaled civil service, which furnishes so many gentlemanly officials ; and with most of the business under their control, the prevalence of English thought and methods is very easily accounted for. Because of the very merits and excellences of the genuine Englishman, the American in the East can easily forgive the intense narrowness, the arrogant conceit, and, as relates to American affairs, the ludicrous ignorance and fondly believed perfection of knowledge of so many who arrogate to themselves all the insular perfections. Perhaps most of the Englishmen at the East are fair representatives of England's best fruits ; but a grievously large number, removed from the higher social pressure which was above them, and which kept them at true level in England, find themselves without that social pressure in the East ; and obeying the "law of pressures," they are apt to become offensively vaporous in their pretensions. These persons are surprised to find even American enterprise in the East. They are the most radical and finical concerning every idea, custom, ceremony, or social despotism of any kind supposed to be English. These men help to form the

army of hard-heads and civilised boors in Japan, to which our own country furnishes recruits, who do so much toward helping the Japanese to carry out in Japan their favorite amusement in American hotels, *i.e.*, to descend on an elevator; that is, to lay aside their own dignified politeness, and to adopt the rough manners of those who fondly imagine themselves the embodiment of the elevating influences of civilisation. They are the foreigners who believe it their solemn duty, and who make it their regular practice, to train up their native servant "boys" in the way they should go by systematic whippings, beatings, and applications of the boot. Fearful of spoiling cook, boy, or "betto" (hostler), they spare neither fist, boot, nor cane. In this species of brutality we believe the vulgar John Bulls to be sinners above all the foreigners in the East. I saw enough in one day to explain why so many of their nationality have felt the vengeful swords of Japanese *samurai*. Although Americans sometimes are swift-footed to follow the example of Englishmen, yet it is usually acknowledged by the Japanese themselves that the Americans, as a class of that heterogeneous collection of men, who are all alike to them in being foreigners, are more inclined to give them their rights, and to treat them as equals.

Be it remembered that in these remarks we do not refer to that large body of educated, refined, and true-hearted Englishmen who have been such a potent influence in the civilisation of Japan. It must be confessed, and we cheerfully bear witness to what is a fact, that the predominating good influence in Japan is English. Some

of the most prominent and most highly trusted foreign officials of the Japanese Government are English. The navy, the railways, the telegraphs, public works, and light-houses are managed by them almost exclusively, and a large part, if not most, of the business of the country is in their hands. Some of the very best, and perhaps the majority, of lay students of, and scholars in, the Japanese language are Englishmen. For all that goes to refine, elevate, and purify society among foreigners we are largely indebted to the English. In my strictures, I refer to that numerous class in Japan who, with pecuniary power and social influence far above that they could gain at home, ape the manners and succeed in copying the worst faults of the better class of their countrymen. Living among a people capable of teaching them good manners, and yet ignorant alike of their history, language, institutions, and codes of honor and morals, they regard them as so many chattering silk worms, tea-plants, and tokens of copper. They are densely ignorant of every thing outside of England, and with unruffled stupidity they fail to conceive how *any* good thing can come out of a place not included within the little island from which they came. I should feel very glad if none of my countrymen answered to this description.

It is to be regretted that the British and American should be so often pitted together; but so long as fair play, chivalric honor, cosmopolitan breadth of mind, and Christian courtesy are left us, we think the rivalry must be productive of immense good. Like flint and steel, before the dead cold mass of Asiatic despotism,

superstition, and narrowness, it must result in kindling many a good spark into flames of progress and knowledge. Whatever be their petty differences, the English and American ever strike hands for good purposes more quickly than any other two nationalities in Japan ; and before the men of every other nation the American finds more to love, to honor, and to admire in the Englishman. It is the two nations cemented inseparably to together by the blood, religion, language, history, inheritance, and the love of liberty and law, that are to impress their character and civilisation on the millions of Asia, and to do most toward its regeneration. Let every pen and tongue forbear to needlessly irritate, or do aught to sunder the ties that bind together the two great civilising powers of the world ; but as for the social bigot, the Philistine, the bully, let his disgraced nationality shield him from the social exile and public contempt which he deserves.—W. E. Griffis, *The Mikado's Empire*, Vol. II. pp. 341-343.

ABOUT FACES IN JAPANESE ART.

Before I came to Japan I used to be puzzled by the absence of facial expression in certain Japanese pictures. I confess that the faces, although not even then devoid of a certain weird charm, seemed to me impossible. Afterwards, during the first two years of Far-Eastern ex-

perience,—that period in which the stranger is apt to imagine that he is learning all about a people whom no Occidental can ever really understand,—I could recognize the grace and truth of certain forms, and feel something of the intense charm of color in Japanese prints; but I had no perception of the deeper meaning of that art. Even the full significance of its color I did not know: much that was simply true I then thought outlandish. While conscious of the charm of many things, the reason of the charm I could not guess. I imagined the apparent conventionalism of the faces to indicate the arrested development of an otherwise marvelous art faculty. It never occurred to me that they might be conventional only in the sense of symbols which, once interpreted, would reveal more than ordinary Western drawing can express. But this was because I still remained under old barbaric influences,—influences that blinded me to the meaning of Japanese drawing. And now, having at last learned a little, it is the Western art of illustration that appears to me conventional, undeveloped, semi-barbarous. The pictorial attractions of English weeklies and of American magazines now impress me as flat, coarse, and clumsy. My opinion on the subject, however, is limited to the ordinary class of Western illustration as compared with the ordinary class of Japanese prints.

Perhaps somebody will say that, even granting my assertion, the meaning of any true art should need no interpretation, and that the inferior character of Japanese work is proved by the admission that its meaning is not universally recognizable. Whoever makes such a criticism

must imagine Western art to be everywhere equally intelligible. Some of it—the very best—probably is; and some of Japanese art also is. But I can assure the reader that the ordinary art of Western book illustration or magazine engraving is just as incomprehensible to Japanese as Japanese drawings are to Europeans who have never seen Japan. For a Japanese to understand our common engravings, he must have lived abroad. For an Occidental to perceive the truth, or the beauty, or the humor of Japanese drawings, he must know the life which those drawings reflect.—Lafcadio Hearn, *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, pp. 103-105.

JAPANESE CUISINE.

The usual everyday meal of “well-to-do” people consists of rice, soups, boiled and broiled fish, and relishes, which occupy a far more important place than with us. Formal entertainments are divided into three classes, the *san no zen*, in which three small lacquer tables of eatables are provided for each guest; the *ni no zen*, with two, and the *honzen* with one. The following are ordinary *menus* in each style.

SAN NO ZEN.

1st Table. Rice, bean soup with carp, raw fish cut into thin threads with adjuncts, boiled fish, and relishes.

2d Table. Clear soup, broiled fish, boiled vegetables.

3d Table. Clear or bean soup, boiled fish, boiled vegetables, a jar of slightly modified clear soup, and other vegetables.

NI NO ZEN.

1st Table. Rice, soup, boiled fish, a jar of a different soup, and relishes.

2d Table. Broiled fish, vegetables.

HONZEN.

Rice, soup, broiled fish, raw fish, vegetables.

These bills of fare seem meagre, but such a number of dainties are comprised under the head relishes, that each table probably contains from eight to twelve bowls or dishes.

At all entertainments *saké*, or rice-beer, a straw-coloured fluid of a faintish taste and smell, most varieties of which contain from 11 to 17.5 per cent of alcohol, plays an important part. It is frequently heated, and is taken before what the Japanese consider as the real repast.

Before an entertainment, fish either on a fine lacquer or porcelain dish, or on separate tables, is served with *saké* to each guest, and is known by the name of *sake no sakana* or "accompaniment to *saké*." This is independent of the one, two, or three tables of the feast. The preparation of raw fish cut into oblong strips called *sashimi* is used exclusively for this purpose, but occasionally the "*saké* accompaniment" consists of a large dish

containing a preparation of fish, boiled quails, and other delicacies, cut up and piled one on the top of another. Before this preliminary, tea and sweetmeats are handed round, but are hardly touched.

A few of the combinations used in the best class of Japanese cookery are wild duck, dock root, equisetum, sea perch, lettuce, turnips; ferns, sea perch, *Aralia cordata*; crane, *Aralia cordata*, mushrooms; salt pheasant, dock root, *Aralia cordata*; cod, white fish, greens boiled in *saké*. Any three of these, in the order in which they are given are found floating together in the soup

With the *namasu*, or thin threads of raw fish, the adjuncts are sole, shrimps, chestnuts ginger, *daikon*; orange, sea slug, jelly-fish, small lobsters, carrots, onions, parsley, and scraped *daikon*, four of which are usually served on the same plate.

With the *sashimi*, or oblong strips of raw fish, the combinations frequently are salmon mushrooms, lemon juice, carp, cut up alive, large clams, strong *saké* in a jar, boiled pheasant, garlic sauce. With *ayemono*, a vegetable "olla," *Alaria pinnatifida*, carrots, mushrooms, *beche de mer*, minced beans, mushrooms, and a kind of horsetail. These and other combinations in cookery, as with us, are partly determined by custom.

The only drinks in common use are tea, hot water, *saké*, and *strochiu*, less palatable even than *saké*, a form of alcohol, which is taken cold at odd hours during the hot season. Tea, prepared with water not quite boiling and merely poured through the leaves, is the beverage usually taken with meals. Tea (*cha*) and *saké* both take

the honorific before their names *Usu-cha*, which is made of powdered tea and has the appearance and consistency of pea-soup, is in high esteem among people rich enough to afford it. It is served both before and after meals, and in that case hot water, which is the ancient national beverage, as it is to this day among the Ainos, accompanies the actual food.

It will be seen from this far from exhaustive account, that the *cuisine* of the "well-to-do" Japanese is far from despicable, yet there is something about their dishes so unpalatable to foreigners, that it is only after long experience that any Englishman, otherwise than ruefully, swallows Japanese food. The diet of the poorer classes is meagre and innutritious, revolting in appearance and taste, and the quantities of sauces and pickles with which they render it palatable are very injurious to the digestive organs. Everything which can be used for food is utilised by them. They even make a kind of curd or jelly from the water in which rice is boiled. In the cities the essential elements of the diet of an ordinary Japanese are rice, fish, and pickled *daikon*; in the interior rice, or in its place millet, beans, or peas and *daikon*. A coolie's average consumption of rice daily is two lbs. Of the luxuries of which I have written I never saw any on my northern tour—game never, and poultry and fresh fish very rarely; but any traveller wishing to acquaint himself with the delicacies of the Japanese *cuisine*, can do so at any of the better class of *yadoyas* in Yedo, Kiyōto, Ōsaka, Otsu, or even in Yokohama itself.—Isabella L. Bird, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan* Vol. I, pp. 242-246.

MY FIRST DAY AT THE PEERESSES'
SCHOOL.

To-day I have been over to the school for the first time in my official capacity, and have seen and been introduced to my classes and my superiors and to-morrow I begin work. Miné introduced me to Mrs. Shimoda, the lady principal, who does not speak any English, so we were obliged to exchange polite speeches through the medium of Miné's interpretation. Then I was taken to a little room, where I was shown a desk in which I can keep whatever books, stationery, etc., I may wish to have at the school, and at which I may sit between classes. Every teacher has such a desk, and it seems a very convenient arrangement. Here I was left to meditate until called for, but the time did not seem long, for I was busy watching the other teachers in the room and conversing with Miss H., the only foreigner besides myself in the employ of the school. When Miné came back, she offered to take me about and introduce me to my classes. So we went from room to room, and as Miné announced my name to the group of orderly little peeresses seated in each room, the children bowed most reverently and gracefully. Then I bowed as well as I know how, though I think that bowing is a lost art in America. This ceremony ended, Miné would speak a few words in Japanese to the class, and so give me time to look over my future pupils. I was introduced to five classes after this manner, and then my work

for the morning was over, so I went back to my desk, while Miné went on to salute her own classes.

After a while it was announced that all the teachers and pupils were to assemble in the gymnasium, there to be addressed by the principal, an elderly and scholarly gentleman of the old school, but one who speaks not a word of English. We went down to the gymnasium, which is connected with the main school building by a covered walk, and met all the girls on their way thither, each class under the leadership of a teacher. I saw one roguish little face laughing at me from among the crowd, and recognized one of Yuki's little daughters, who has to-day taken her first plunge into school life. She seemed to be enjoying her morning's experience, and fairly danced herself out of line when she found that I had recognized her. When we finally reached the gymnasium, we found it filled with girls arranged in line according to size, with all the smallest ones in front. When I saw them, my thought could not but fly back to Hampton, and contrast our poor little pickaninnies there with these little peeresses. But they are alike in one way, and that is that their lives are more or less stunted and cramped by the circumstances of their birth, the pickaninnies by poverty and the disabilities of their low social position, the peeresses by the rigid restraints and formalities that accompany their rank.

Very pretty children these little peeresses are, in spite of the ugly foreign dress into which the school requirements force them. Their mothers have undoubtedly tried hard to have them well dressed for the first day of school, but

most of the dresses have evidently been chosen and made by people not in the least familiar with any style of European garment, and are now worn in such a way as to make the children look, so far as clothes goes, like the veriest clodhoppers, instead of the descendants of perhaps the oldest aristocracy in the world. The shoes and stockings especially show the parent's ignorance of the niceties of foreign dress, for the stockings are of the coarsest wool in the gaudiest of colored stripes, making the slender well-shaped legs look heavy and shapeless, and the shoes are the roughest calfskin, in many cases much too large for the small feet. But there the children stand in their queer clothes, all silent and orderly, though no one is keeping order, and the teachers are bustling about, talking among themselves. Any company of American children would be uncontrollable if kept standing so long with nothing to do, but these children are too well-mannered to be noisy in the presence of their elders, and so they stand like statues and wait. After a while the principal comes forward and bows, and all the children bend themselves neatly in return; then he makes a very short speech and bows again, and once more the whole three hundred and fifty bow simultaneously. Then Mrs. Shimoda comes to the front and bows, and again the little audience bows in response. It is a very pretty custom, and I do not see why, when a speaker bows to his audience, the audience should not return the compliment. It seems quite the natural and polite thing to do, but is a little surprising at first sight. Mrs. Shimoda makes a short speech, and then one of the directors speaks, and after that the chil-

dren are marshalled out again by their teachers. That is the end of the morning's exercises, and Miné and I only wait to draw our text-books from the school library, before going home.—Alice M. Bacon, *A Japanese Interior*,* pp. 8-12.

JAPANESE HOUSES.

There is no object in Japan that seems to excite more diverse and adverse criticism among foreigners than does the Japanese house ; it is a constant source of perplexity and annoyance to most of them. An Englishman particularly, whom Emerson says he finds “ to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes,” recognizes but little merit in the apparently frail and perishable nature of these structures. He naturally dislikes the anomaly of a house of the lightest description often-times sustaining a roof of the most ponderous character, and fairly loathes a structure that has no king-post, or at least a queen-post, truss ; while the glaring absurdity of a house that persists in remaining upright without a foundation, or at least without his kind of a foundation, makes him furious. The mistake made by most writers in criticising Japanese house-structure, and indeed many other matters connected with that country, is that these writers do not regard such

* 本書は千八百九十三年の出版なり

matters from a Japanese stand-point. They do not consider that the nation is poor, and that the masses are in poverty ; nor do they consider that for this reason a Japanese builds such a house as he can afford, and one that after all is as thoroughly adapted to his habits and wants as ours is to our habits and wants.

The observation of a Japanese has shown him that from generation to generation the houses of his people have managed to sustain themselves ; and if in his travels abroad he has chanced to visit England, he will probably recall the fact that he saw more dilapidated tenements, tumble-down shanties, broken-backed farm-houses, cracked walls, and toppling fences in a single day in that virtuous country where there are no typhoons or earthquakes, that he would see in a year's travel in his own country.

When one of these foreign critical writers contemplates the framework of a Japanese house, and particularly the cross-beams of the roof, and finds no attempt at trussing and bracing, he is seized with an eager desire to go among these people as a missionary of trusses and braces,—it is so obvious that much wood might be saved ! In regard to the Japanese house-frame, however, it is probable that the extra labor of constructing braces and trusses would not compensate for the difference saved in the wood.

Rein, in his really admirable book on Japan, says, “the Japanese house lacks chiefly solidity and comfort.” If he means comfort for himself and his people, one can understand him ; if he means comfort for the Japanese,

then he has not the faintest conception of the solid comfort a Japanese gets out of his house. Rein also complains of the evil odors of the closet arrangements, though his complaints refer more particularly to the crowded inns, which are often in an exceedingly filthy condition as regards these necessary conveniences,—and one is led to inquire what the Japanese would think of similar features in Germany, where in the larger cities the closet may be seen opening directly into the front hall, and in some cases even from the dining room! Bad as some of these conditions are in Japan, they are mild in comparison with like features in Germany. The filthy state of the larger cities, in this respect, may be indicated by the fact that the death-rate of Munich a few years ago was forty-four, and Kaulbach died of cholera in that city in mid-winter! Indeed, the presence of certain features in every bed-chamber at home and abroad are looked upon as surpassingly filthy by every Japanese,—as they truly are.

Rein and other writers speak of the want of privacy in Japanese dwellings, forgetting that privacy is only necessary in the midst of vulgar and impertinent people,—a class of which Japan has the minimum, and the so-called civilised races—the English and American particularly—have the maximum.

For my part, I find much to admire in a Japanese house, and some things not to my comfort. The sitting posture on the floor is painful until one gets accustomed to it; and, naturally, I find that our chairs are painful to the Japanese, until they become accustomed to them. I

found the Japanese house in winter extremely cold and uncomfortable ; but I question whether their cold rooms in winter are not more conducive to health than are our apartments with our blistering stoves, hot furnaces or steam-heaters ; and as to the odors arising from the closet in certain country inns, who does not recall similar offensive features in many of our country inns at home, with the addition of slovenly yards and reeking piggeries ? I question, too, whether these odors are more injurious to the health than is the stifling air from a damp and noisome cellar, which not only filters through our floors, but is often served to us hot through scorching furnaces. Whittier's description of the country house,—

“The best room

Stifling with cellar-damp, shut from the air

In hot midsummer,”—

is only too true of many of our American houses both in the country and city.—Edward S. Morse, *Japanese Houses and Their Surroundings*, pp. 10 to 12.

FROG-POEMS IN JAPANESE LITERATURE.

I thought it strange that out of hundreds of frog-poems collected for me I could not discover a single mention of the coldness and clamminess of the frog. Except a few

jesting lines about the queer attitudes sometimes assumed by the creature, the only reference to its uninviting qualities that I could find was the mild remark,

*Seen in the daytime, how uninteresting you are,
O frog !*

While wondering at this reticence concerning the chilly, slimy, flaccid nature of frogs, it all at once occurred to me that in other thousands of Japanese poems which I had read there was a total absence of allusions to tactual sensations. Sensations of colors, sounds, and odors were rendered with exquisite and surprising delicacy ; but sensation of taste was seldom mentioned, and sensations of touch were absolutely ignored. I asked myself whether the reason for this reticence or indifference should be sought in the particular temperament or mental habit of the race ; but I have not yet been able to decide the question. Remembering that the race has been living for ages upon food which seems tasteless to the Western palate, and that impulses to such action as hand-clasping, embracing, kissing, or other physical display of affectionate feeling, are really foreign to Far-Eastern character, one is tempted to the theory that gustatory and tactual sensation, pleasureable and otherwise, have been less highly evolved with the Japanese than with us. But there is much evidence against such a theory ; and the triumphs of Japanese handicraft assure us of an almost incomparable delicacy of touch developed in special directions. Whatever be the physical meaning of the phenomenon, its moral meaning is of the most importance. So far as I have been able to judge, Japanese poetry usu-

ally ignores the inferior qualities of sensation, while making the subtlest of appeals to those superior qualities which we call aesthetic. Even if representing nothing else, this fact represents the healthiest and happiest attitude toward Nature. Do not we Occidentals shrink from many purely natural impressions by reason of repulsion developed through a morbid sensibility? The question is at least worth considering. Ignoring or mastering such repulsion,—accepting naked Nature as she is, always lovable when understood,—the Japanese discover beauty where we blindly imagine ugliness or formlessness or loathsomeness,—beauty in insects, beauty in stones, beauty in frogs. Is the fact without significance that they alone have been able to make artistic use of the form of the centipede?.....You should see my Kyōto tobacco-pouch, with centipedes of gold running over its figured leather like ripplings of fire!—Lafcadio Hearn, *Exotics and Retrospectives*, pp. 170-172.

AT A THEATRE.

Our performance consisted of a tragedy in four acts, a short comedy, and a dance in four acts, in which last the Misses Fukiko and Jitsuko, daughters of Danjiuro, took part—models of elegance in appearance and grace in gesture. An English program was distributed, containing the “dramatic (*sic*) personae” and a brief sketch of

the tragic plot, the scene of which was placed at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and which had a good deal to do with fighting and plotting and poisoned cakes. I have never seen better acting than that in the poisoning scene of this play. However much the Japanese may differ from us in customs and etiquette, in the expression of grief and joy their faces are like ours, and their actors have such wonderful mimetic powers that I found no difficulty whatever in following the plot, both in the tragedy and the comedy. Danjiuro might come to America and act in his own language, as Salvini has done; he is the Salvini of Japan, and would be a popular idol anywhere. One of our party had intended to return to Yokohama at six, but I heard him say that he liked the play (of which he could not understand a word) so well that he had decided to stay to the end—four hours more, including an hour's intermission for supper.

The only disagreeable feature of the performance was the tone in which the actors spoke their parts. In ordinary conversation the Japanese speak in a low, musical voice and with natural inflections, but on the stage they have adopted the idiotic Chinese sing-song, squeaking falsetto, unearthly yells, and other extraordinary sounds which make a Chinese theatre seem like an improvised lunatic asylum. Almost everything that is really absurd in Japan comes from China, and prominent among the absurdities which ought to yield as soon as possible to Occidental influences is the stage falsetto. I was surprised by another peculiarity of the theatrical diction. My grammars had told me that the Japanese have practical-

ly no verbal or oratorical accent, every syllable and word having about the same emphasis. But it seemed to me that these actors positively swooped down on certain syllables and words, with an emphatic *sforzando*. I had also noticed previously that railway guards often accented one syllable much more strongly than the others; for instance, Kamakura.

In its scenic features the Japanese stage has gone far beyond the Chinese, which is still in the primitive condition of Shakspeare's time when a board with "This is a Forest," or whatever else was to be suggested, took the place of the real or painted trees, mountains, and so on. It would be strange, indeed if, with their passionate love of nature, which makes them paint a maple branch or a Fuji on every fan, screen, and teapot, the Japanese had been willing to dispense with a scenic background on the stage. Episodes of street life, domestic interiors, dogs, horses, boats, moats, and castles, forest scenes—are all painted, or bodily introduced, with an art that is thoroughly realistic, and illusory in its perspective. What is more, to save time, or rather, to shorten intermissions, the Japanese were the first to invent a revolving stage, which makes it possible to set up one scene while another is in use, thus facilitating rapid changes. The curtain is sometimes raised, as in our theatres, sometimes dropped out of sight, or again pushed aside and closed, as at Bayreuth. The Shintomi has two ornamental curtains, —one Dutch, the other the gift of a Hawaiian monarch.

But again, just as the splendid acting is marred by the silly Chinese intonation, so the scenic illusion is

destroyed by incongruities. One might forgive the gangways running from the stage across the parquet, and the occasional appearance of actors on them, especially when they are arrayed in their most gorgeous costumes, genuine works of art which have few counterparts at the present day, and which can be better seen this way than on the stage itself; but one fails to understand how the Japanese can tolerate the Chinese nuisance of allowing stage attendants to work about among the actors, light up their faces with candles, prompt them from an open book, bring on or remove furniture, etc., in an obtrusive manner which destroys all illusion. What is amusing about this farce is the Oriental naïveté of supposing these attendants to be invisible, as is indicated by their wearing black garments and veils. An explanation of this absurdity may perhaps be found in the fact that until recently the Japanese theatre was frequented only by the lower classes, whose illusion is not easily marred.—Henry T. Finck, *Lotos-Time in Japan*, pp. 95-98.

JAPAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CIVILISATION.

To speak of a country as making its début upon the world's stage, is to suggest the idea of youth. But the age of the Japanese nation, measured by the mere lapse

of centuries, is very mature. They themselves claim to have been an organised State for twenty-six hundred years, and there is no valid reason to deny at least the proximate accuracy of their estimate. It is a great age, yet insignificant compared with that of the neighbouring empire, China, which can count fully the double of Japan's tale of years. Both are ancient from an Occidental point of view, and perhaps because their fellowship with the West has been so short in comparison with the long succession of cycles covered by their records, it has become a habit to bracket them together as simultaneously introduced to the circle of civilised States. There is, however, a radical difference between the two countries. China stands, in the Far East, an imposing figure with her gigantic expanse of territory, her immense population, and her vast wealth of undeveloped resources. Such elements seem capable of being moulded into a world-moving force, and their potentialities have even appalled some leaders of European thought. But if history teaches anything it teaches that there is only one grand climacteric in the career of a nation. Beyond the summit descent is inevitable. The continuity of the downward grade is never broken by a second eminence. As it fares with a man or with a tree, so it fares with a nation's growth or decay. China long ago reached the zenith of her greatness, and has been sinking steadily to lower levels ever since. She was never an isolated State, husbanding her resources in seclusion and waiting to be galvanised into new life by contact with rival countries. Her very name, the "Middle Kingdom," indicates the

relation in which she stood to the rest of the world. Whatever other States had to give, she received as a tribute to her own ineffable superiority, not as an incentive to emulation and exertion. That frame of mind became at last an instinct. It destroyed her appetite for assimilation and condemned her to succumb to any civilisation she could not despise. Japan's case has been dissimilar from point to point. Her whole career has been a continuous effort of assimilation; her invariable attitude, that of modest studentship. One advantage only she claimed over other States. It was the divine origin of her rulers and the consequent guardianship extended to her by the gods. But her deities were not supposed to contribute anything to her material civilisation. Their most beneficent function was tutelary. Hence her people never classed themselves above other nations in a progressive sense. They were always perfectly ready to accept and adopt every good thing that a foreign country had to offer, whether of philosophy, of art, of technique, of administration, or of legislation. That is a fact which stands out in doubly leaded capitals on the pages of Japan's story. From the very earliest hours of her national career the stranger was welcomed within her gates. Whoever brought to her any product of foreign learning, genius, or industry, whether from China, from Korea, or from the South Seas, was received with acclaim, and not merely granted a domicile, but also admitted to many of the most honorable offices the State had to bestow, and to the highest ranks of the social organisation. Many of her noble families trace their origin to

emigrants from the Asiatic continent ; many of her artists and men of letters are proud to show a strain of Chinese or Korean blood in their lineage.—Captain F. Brinkley, *Japan : Its History Arts and Literature*, Vol. I. pp. 4-6.

THE CHARACTERISTIC PECULIARITY OF THE JAPANESE SERVANT.

To the foreigner, upon his arrival in Japan, the status of household servants is at first a source of much perplexity. There is a freedom in their relations with the families that they serve, that in this country would be regarded as impudence, and independence of action that, in many cases, seems to take the form of direct disobedience to orders. From the steward of your household, who keeps your accounts, makes your purchases, and manages your affairs, to your *jinrikisha* man or groom, every servant in your establishment does what is right in his own eyes, and after the manner that he thinks best. Mere blind obedience to orders is not regarded as a virtue in a Japanese servant ; he must do his own thinking, and, if he cannot grasp the reason for your order, that order will not be carried out. Housekeeping in Japan is frequently the despair of the thrifty American housewife, who has been accustomed in her own country to be the

head of every detail of household work, leaving to her servants only the mechanical labor of the hands. She begins by showing her Oriental help the work to be done, and just the way in which she is accustomed to having it done at home, and the chances are about one in a hundred that her servant will carry out her instructions. In the ninety-nine other cases, he will accomplish the desired result, but by means totally different from those to which the American housekeeper is accustomed. If the housewife is one of the worrying kind, who cares as much about the way in which the thing is done as about the accomplished result, the chances are that she will wear herself out in a fruitless endeavor to make her servants do things in her own way, and will, when she returns to America, assure you that Japanese servants are the most idle, stupid, and altogether worthless lot that it was ever her bad fortune to have to do with. But on the other hand, if the lady of the house is one who is willing to give general orders, and then sit down and wait until the work is done before criticising it, she will find that by some means or other the work will be accomplished and her desire will be carried out, provided only that her servants see a reason for getting the thing done. And as she finds that her domestics will take responsibility upon themselves, and will work, not only with their hands, but with the will and intellect in her service, she soon yields to their protecting and thoughtful care for herself and her interests, and, when she returns to America, is loud in her praises of the competence and devotion of her Japanese servants. Even in the treaty ports, where con-

tact with foreigners has given to the Japanese attendants the silent and repressed air that we regard as the standard manners for a servant, they have not resigned their right of private judgment, but if faithful and honest, seek the best good of their employer, even if his best good involves disobedience of his orders. This characteristic of the Japanese servant is aggravated when he is in the employment of foreigners, for the simple reason that he is apt to regard the foreigner as a species of imbecile, who must be cared for tenderly because he is quite incompetent to care for himself, but whose fancies must not be too much regarded.—Alice M. Bacon, *Japanese Girls and Women*, pp. 299-302.

WHY JAPANESE MERCHANTS LACK COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

We must remember that the religious and ethical systems that fostered the moral life of Old Japan are by no means dead, and that there is still a love of righteousness that will not shrink at sacrifice to defeat evil. There is no doubt that this exposure of corruption where it was least expected has made it easier to look with favor on universal standards of morality, and to feel the need of a religion that develops the sense of responsibility on the part of the individual. Three of Japan's great statesmen,

Counts Okuma and Aoki and Baron Maejima, have recently given public expression to the need of a religion, by which they mean Christianity.

It may be well here to notice the prime cause of the lack of commercial morality in Japan. I have often been asked why a Chinaman's word is as good as gold, while that of the Japanese is worthless. There are some who ask with more discrimination: "Why is it that in China a merchant is thoroughly reliable and the officials very corrupt, while in Japan the officials are all right and the merchants cannot be trusted?" Surprise is often expressed that the two nations are so different in commercial matters. The reason is perfectly obvious. Both nations were developed under Confucian ethics, the center of which is the five relations of parents and children: lord and retainer; husband and wife; brothers and sisters; and friends. China emphasized the relation of parents and children, with its correlative of filial piety, as being of prime importance. The family is first, and whatever tends to give it permanence and prosperity is honorable. Since commerce builds it up, it is an honorable calling demanding trustworthy methods. This is why the Chinaman is commercially reliable. The experience of ages has evolved the honest Chinaman in a calling that brings no disgrace.

When, however, the Confucian ethics came to Japan, about a thousand years ago, already the military spirit was in the ascendant, and so the order of the two leading relations was reversed, and that of lord and retainer, with its correlative of loyalty, took the highest place. The

State was everything, and those whose courage and fidelity made strong the foundations of the empire were the honored class. Loyalty and learning made the two-sworded Samurai, and they made Japan. - The virtues of the warrior are readiness to sacrifice his family, his life, everything for his prince ; love of righteousness, simplicity of life, and dislike of money, with its corrupting and enervating temptations. Hence the merchant, with his soft life, was put at the very bottom of the social order, and came to be despised as one who valued money above all things else, and who would lie for gain. Ages of social contempt have developed the Japanese trader, and while there were a few mercantile houses like the Mitsuis, whose word was as good as gold, and is now, they were the exception. This is the largest factor in the explanation of the present commercial discredit of Japan. But any one who knows the people knows that this evil will mend. Mercantile education now embodies ethical training on universal lines, and now there is noticeably forming a public opinion that will be a strong corrective. The bad reputation of Japan in commercial matters is simply temporary. The nation that can withstand the vices of the West and the worst evil of the East, opium, and that can adopt and adapt whole strata of our noblest traditions in government, law and education, is not going to be wrecked by the low commercial traditions of her once bottom class.—Rev. J. H. DeForest, *The Japan of 1903*, in the *Independent*, 21 Jan , 1904.

FOREIGN COSTUME AS WORN BY JAPANESE MEN AND WOMEN.

The Japanese woman does not have a pretty figure. She is always short and stumpy. Her neck and waist are large, and her shoulders are broad and her flesh seems to be evenly distributed. A modiste would say that she had no shape at all and therefore it is impossible to make a modern dress to fit her. The ancient style of garments, particularly those used by the upper classes, were especially adapted to the peculiarities of the Japanese women, and a lady always looks well in the soft grays and delicate tints that she selects for her kimonos. But one who will be very pretty and graceful in her native costume generally looks like a guy when she puts on a Paris dress, no matter how fine the material or who made it.

The modern costume is universally admired and it certainly adds to the dignity of a man. But as worn among the common people it certainly does not contribute to the grace or the modesty of the women, for it consists of a single garment fastened only with a girdle which allows it to flop open both above and below the waist and expose a large portion of the person which women in other countries are taught to conceal. It should be said, however, that the Japanese women as a rule are very modest. A gentleman who has been living in Japan for more than a quarter of a century and has seen all there

is in Japanese life, asserts that he never knew a native woman to intentionally commit an impropriety.

But neither the Japanese lady nor gentleman is improved in appearance by modern dress. The men appear to have no idea of what looks well and wear the most outlandish combinations. You seldom see one clad in a full suit of the same color, and they do not like dark clothes. They usually have a blue coat, a pink vest, lavender trousers, a red necktie, a green hat, and if they can find a shirt of another color they put it on. In selecting their native costumes they choose quiet grays, blues and browns and in the manufacture of fabrics and in the decorative arts no people are so skilful in combining shades as the Japanese, but they do not seem to have the sense of good taste in the selection of European garments.

It is usually the case, too, that a young Japanese who puts on foreign garments thinks it necessary to adopt other foreign customs, and, not having a very clear idea as to what they are, makes a ridiculous spectacle of himself with the best of intentions. He puts his hat on the back of his head, sticks a cigar in the corner of his mouth, takes a cane in his hand, and thinks he is a perfect model of an American or an English gentleman, when in fact he is a poor imitation of a loafer. But I suppose that the Americans and Europeans who put on Japanese garments and attempt to imitate their manners are subject to the same criticisms. I heard a Japanese lady who had witnessed a performance of "The Mikado" in the United States, commenting upon the costumes in a

very amusing way, and from what she said I judge that, from the Japanese standpoint, the performers must have looked ridiculous.—W. E. Curtis,* *The Yankees of the East*, Vol. I, pp. 250-253.

MR. YUKICHI FUKUZAWA.

Mr. Fukuzawa, the editor of *Jiji Shimpō*, the leading independent paper of Tokyo, and in some respects the ablest journal in the East, is perhaps the most remarkable man in Japan. He is called "The Great Commoner," and is usually compared to John Bright, but is more like Horace Greeley. He is both editor and schoolmaster by trade.

The Keio Gijiku, a college of which he is the owner and president, is the most famous private institution in the land, and was the first of the native schools to adopt the modern foreign system of education. He has about 1,500 young men under his immediate charge studying the sciences, law, medicine, engineering, political economy, art, music and other branches of learning, and his vigorous personality pervades the entire institution. He

* W. E. Curtis は千八百九十五年の春シカゴの大新聞紙 Record Herald の特派通信員として日本及支那に赴き日本に留まること數ヶ月其の通信は當時の Record Herald に掲げられしが其後 *The Yankees of the East* と題し二卷の書籍として出版せられたり

teaches no special line of studies himself, but occupies a unique position. He lives in the school, associates intimately with the boys, treats them as if they were his own sons, assumes a general direction of matters of amusement, discipline and study, and is likely to drop into a class-room at any time and deliver a lecture to the students on the lesson of the day or on any other subject that may enter his mind. Every week or so he assembles the students in the lecture-room and talks to them for an hour or two on politics, history, morals or the topic which is uppermost in his thoughts at the that particular time. He is a powerful orator, without a superior and with few equals in Japan, and when the spirit moves him he often hires a hall and delivers a public address on a political issue or any other idea that may be occupying the minds of the people.

Unselfish, eccentric, original, eloquent, sincere and patriotic, whether in the editorial chair, upon the lecture platform or in his school, Mr. Fukuzawa is undoubtedly the most influential private citizen in the empire. He has repeatedly refused office, although three times invited to a place in the ministry, and a dozen times or more proposed as a candidate for parliament, and has even rejected a title of nobility and several decorations that have been offered him by the Emperor. When the present cabinet was formed he was slated as minister of education, but refused that honor as he has refused all others, because, as he told me, he did not want his hands to be tied. He prefers to stay outside the government, where he can throw stones. He belongs to no particular political party,

but is thoroughly independent, and is supporting and opposing the government by turns, as it happens to meet his approval or disapproval. He is not always consistent, and declares that it is an evidence of sincerity when a man changes his mind. He has always been an earnest advocate of the introduction of foreign methods and modern ideas into Japan, is an apostle of religious toleration, and, although professing no religion himself, declares that Christianity is the handmaid of civilisation, and the education of the common people is the only method of perpetuating good government.

Mr. Fukuzawa's sons have the actual editorial and business management of his paper, but it seldom appears without an editorial from his vigorous pen ; and he always writes it before breakfast. Like Horace Greeley, he is an early riser, and when the larks are singing their morning hymn in the groves of Azabu he is sitting at his desk denouncing some great wrong or advocating some great reform with an ardor and emphasis that are peculiarly his own. Then when the last line of copy is finished Mr. Fukuzawa goes to a shed behind his stables and pounds rice for an hour or so—which is his daily exercise—just as the great American editor used to chop wood.—W. E. Curtis, *The Yankees of the East*, Vol. I. pp. 270-273.

FOREIGN BENEFACTORS OF JAPAN.

Japan is not unique in History, not a case of entire self-reformation. Without the leaven from Christendom this oriental lump would not be as it is seen and left to-day. The aliens employed by the Japanese have not told their story, yet, as Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," says, "The foreign employé is the creator of New Japan." As certainly as on the foundation-stones of the Japan of the Meiji era belong the names of Rai, Sakuma, Yoshida, Yokoi, Fukuzawa, and a host of others who, while living, were unrewarded non-officeholders, so also should be inscribed those of the *Yatoi Teijin*, or "hired foreigners." Whether in Japanese pay or not, as hirelings, or as guests, or as forces healthfully stimulating, who from their own governments or societies received stipend, or self-impelled wrought for Japan's good, their work abides. The world may forget the singer, but the song is still heard.

For over a century the earnest thinkers of Japan went to school to the Dutch at Nagasaki. These Europeans, professing to be neither benefactors nor missionaries, but only merchants and physicians, gave their pupils a long object-lesson in civilisation. Pilgrims thirsting for knowledge came from all over the empire to learn of the Hollanders, and dispersing homeward filled the country with centres of light. Maligned by their enemies in faith and by their rivals in commerce, the work of the Dutchmen

for a century in supplying a hermit nation with books, science, and medicine, has been unknown or underrated. The Dutch laid the foundations of the scientific knowledge of the Japanese and their country, secured the abolition of the insults to Christianity, and made the way easy for Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris. It would be hard to find a single native pioneer of progress in the early years of Meiji—statesman, diplomatist, military leader, physician, man of science, interpreter, author, preacher—who was not directly indebted to the Dutch.

Not, however, until the decade following the apparition of Perry did foreign influence become an overwhelming force and the foreign employé a parmanent figure. Beginning probably with the American Professor Pumpelly, who wrote "Across America and Asia," the Japanese Government and individuals enlisted a great army of auxiliaries from abroad. In what branch of science or friendly service are the makers of New Japan not indebted? English scholarship as represented by Satow, Aston, Chamberlain, McClatchie, Gubbins, and others, first rent the veil from ancient Japan, and gave to native students the impetus to that critical and comparative study of their own language and traditions which they are now beginning bravely to pursue. British experts organized the navy and trained the lads that are now officers and the junk-sailors that are now smart marines and skilful artillerists, created and equipped the Osaka mint, struck the coinage of which no Japanese is ashamed, and established the vernacular newspaper, now the mighty power that even prime-ministers and Emperor

must reckon with. Frenchmen reorganized the army, codified the law, and built the Yokosuka dockyard. The Germans have directed the higher medical education of the country. “Not less a feat than the reform of the entire educational system was chiefly the work of a handful of Americans.” The posts, the telegraphs, the railways, the light-houses; the trigonometrical, geological, and geodetic surveys; improved mining methods, prison reform, sanitary reform, cotton and paper mills; manufactories of many kinds, chemical laboratories, water-works and harbor-works, and a hundred other improvements which have enriched the country, and which strike the eye and excite the admiration of the tourist—“all are the creation of the foreign employes of the Japanese Government.”

True type of the foreigners who not merely advised or inspected but who wrought by example and precept, patiently teaching technical details, was the German Dr. Gottfried von Wagener, whose personal friendship the writer enjoyed while a fellow-worker in the Imperial University from 1871 to 1874. Dr. Wagener, born in Germany in 1831, was a master of applied science when, in 1870, he entered the service of the *daimio* of Hizen to improve the methods of porcelain manufacture at Arita, in which he happily succeeded so far as the resources of that province would then admit. One of his notable triumphs was in the introduction of coal as fuel. Besides his services in education at Tokio and Kioto, he assisted materially in preparing the art exhibits of the Japanese at Vienna and Philadelphia. He established the Artisan's

School in Tokio, revolutionized the *cloisonné*-enamel industry, and invented the famous *Asahiyaki* (Morning-sun faience), or pottery with varied colors under the glaze. The writer has never known a man who combined more nobly for the benefit of his fellow-men self-absorption in science with absolute self-effacement in disposition. He died at Suruga Dai in Tokio, November 8, 1892.

In the higher work of moral education and reform, the Christian missionary is a noble figure. The first teachers of language, literature science, and philosophy; the first dispensers of medicine and healing, active in charitable relief, constantly stimulating to the Government and people by their hospitals, schools, colleges, preaching and advocacy of moral reforms: training tens of thousands of natives in the arts of self-government and parliamentary procedure; supplanting the old Confucian and Chinese codes of ethics with nobler ideals and practice, the teachers of Christianity have prepared the nation for the adoption of a higher form of civilisation. Greater even than the wants of modern material forces and appliances, by the confessions of her own most thoughtful men is Japan's need of moral power.

True types of the servant of servants, for Christ's sake, to the people of Japan, are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hepburn, who have done so much to break down the barriers between natives and foreigners. After thirty-three years of service in school, dispensary, home and study, Dr. Hepburn left Yokohama for the United States in Oct., 1892. The story of the "American Missionary in Japan," of influences and results, and of native appreciation, has

been modestly told in part by Dr. M. L. Gordon.* Since the reaction against everything foreign, which began in 1888, the Christian churches and schools have suffered. Yet the loss, or rather the retarded acceleration of progress, signifies "no real change of purpose in the national mind." "Japan for the Japanese" does not mean more than healthy patriotism. Digestion and assimilation are as necessary as reception. Christianity, now rooted in the soil, no longer a mere exotic, can live its own life in the hearts and the minds of the people. Christian theology can live and grow expressed in terms of Far-Oriental as well as in Greek or Latin terminology. The Japanese Christians will create their own theology and adapt it to the national consciousness more healthfully, truthfully, and spiritually than can foreigners. In treating of "The Theological Movement in Japan," we have summed up our impressions as follows: "The Japanese genius, as vitalized by the Holy Spirit, tends to assimilation rather than to mere acceptance. Vigorously has the Christian consciousness of Japan cast off the sectarian and provincial creeds of merely English-speaking Christendom. Refusing the swaddling-bands of the Scotch, Yankee, and Anglican phases of the faith, it has sought the simplicity that is Christ.....They, with the Bible in hand, sought the shortest path to Christ."†

* Gordon 氏著 *An American Missionary in Japan*, 千八百九十二年 Boston 刊行

† Griffis 氏が千八百九十三年四月一日の米國週刊雜誌 *The Outlook* に公にしたる *The Christian Union* と題す文章中より引用したるものなり

Already the record of independent native Christian life, work, and literature is a noble one. It shows clearly that the believers in Christ in Japan want the Christianity of Christ not in non-essential and accidental alien forms, but in its reality and purity as far as it can be apprehended and assimilated by them.—W. E. Griffis, *The Mikado's Empire*, Vol, II. pp. 619-622.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.

But, while everything seems to point to the fact that the present day Japanese have no liking for the Christian religion, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they never have had an opportunity of seeing the best side of Christianity. Enormous sums of money, it is true, have been squandered by well meaning people to Christianize the country, but unfortunately this work has been intrusted largely to men who are utterly unqualified, either by education, training, or mode of life, for dealing with the subject.

This may seem a strong statement to make, but, in doing so, I believe I am expressing the feelings even of the accredited representatives of the Church of England in Japan. The conviction that the interests of Chris-

tianity are being misused by the missionaries is so strong, that many of the leading Protestant foreigners maintain that the Roman Catholics are the only body of workers who are effecting any real progress in the conversion of the Japanese. The reason for this is very plain. All the missionaries sent out by the Roman Church are thoroughly educated men ; they also form a band between whose members there is no sign of dissension. They work in their own way, conscientiously, systematically, and without ostentation ; living the lives of the people, on extremely inadequate pay ; and the example afforded by the lives of the priests and the sisters is accomplishing results in those parts of Japan, usually rather remote ones, and always extremely poor districts, where they carry on their work. The *bona fide* Japanese Christian of to-day is, in consequence, a Roman Catholic rather than a Protestant.

There are many good, zealous, and educated men representing the Protestant missions in Japan, but the effect of their work is continually discounted by the mass of uneducated men and women, some of whom are more or less attached to organized missions, and some who are merely free lances, but whose actions have done, and are doing, infinite harm to the prospects of Christianity, and especially to the Protestant section of it.

To convey a proper idea as to how this evil exists, it is necessary to explain what mission-work in Japan means. To the English reader the word missionary usually implies a career containing a certain amount of hardship, self-denial and sometimes even a risk of life. It does not

follow, however, that a man may not be a thoroughly good and efficient propagator of the Gospel without enduring hardships. Now in Japan at the present day it is extremely difficult to encounter either serious hardship in the way of living, climate, or extreme filth of surroundings; and the risk of life is practically absent. Therefore missionaries may be excused for not being able to find thoroughly disagreeable surroundings in Japan, even if they felt inclined to do so. To use the words of a well-known and respected clergyman who has lived for many years in Japan, "The life of the ordinarily conscientious curate of, say, an industrial town in England, entails vastly more privations than is the case even with a conscientious missionary in Japan."

One of the great faults of the Protestant missionaries here is that they have not mastered the fundamental principle of Christianity, "Brethren, love one another;" and the consequence is that the time which should be devoted to Christianizing Japan is largely taken up by degrading squabbles between the various shades of Protestantism about their respective methods, and the details of their faith. These petty quibbles only tend to lower Christianity, as exemplified by its exponents, in the eyes of the Japanese. The local foreign papers here teem with rancorous letters from one missionary to another, often couched in doubtful English, displaying an ignorance of Christian matters, and containing unchristian sentiments. The air is thick with childish and vituperative pamphlets, paid for by the supporters of these missions; and whatever the object of such literature may be,

it can have but one result, of lessening the chances of Christianity in a foreign country.—Stafford Rausome,* *Japan in Transition*, pp. 106-109.

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL AT TOKYO.

The European hotels in the treaty-ports can only be classed as being good in that they are, as a rule, somewhat better than those which one finds at the ports in other countries east of India, and this is not saying much for them. The best hotels run on European lines in Japan are found in certain of the big holiday resorts in the interior, such as Miyanoshita and Nikko, and are owned and managed by Japanese. Such hotels, however, can very easily be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The finest hotel on the European style, as far as appearance is concerned, is the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo. It is owned and run by a Japanese company, and subsidized by the Imperial household, but is so eccentrically managed that, while possessing all the features which go to make up first-class accommodation, in the shape of good rooms, good furniture, and good cooking, it lacks just that knowledge on the part of its directors the pos-

* 著者は英人にして工學を專攻し工學上の用務を帯びて日本に來り、傍ら倫敦の新聞紙に—ニンクポストの通信記者たり、本書は千八百九十九年の出版に係る。

session of which would transform it from a rather uncomfortable place of abode into an excellent one.

As a matter of fact, the Imperial Hotel was established by the Japanese for the purpose of affording a place where official and other receptions on European lines could be held, and dinners given as occasion demanded, and the ordinary visitor who puts up there does so at his own risk. He finds plenty of managers and clerks who are civil enough, but he will find that his instructions are ignored, his letters mislaid, and his bell unanswered. He finds plenty of servants, through whom he will have to elbow his way in the passages and public rooms; and should he require to play billiards, he must push them from the table. He finds a splendid dining room, attended without any system, and a good though limited bill of fare, which, to his dismay, is identical every day.

I think that the transition Japan is exemplified in its very worst phases at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo; for while no doubt everybody about the place is doing what he believes to be the right thing, the people connected with it have not learned to understand the foreigner. They have fallen into the error—an error which is not uncommon in Japan just now among people who, having no personal acquaintance with foreign countries, endeavor to assume foreign ways—of believing that, because we are less ceremonious in our manner than they, they should in dealing with us divest their manner of any sort of courtesy. As the Englishman who, without a thorough understanding of Japanese etiquette, endeavors to adopt their style invariably makes himself ridiculous, so those

Japanese who mistake our comparatively abrupt ways for a want of courtesy, and endeavor to follow our example, appear to us to be merely boorish and rude.

It is a pity that the Imperial Hotel is not better managed, for it is here that a large percentage of the foreign visitors acquire their first impressions of Japan and the Japanese after leaving the treaty-ports. Such as it is, however, the Imperial Hotel is almost the only hostelry on "foreign" lines worthy of the name in the immense metropolis of Japan.—Stafford Ransome, *Japan in Transition*, pp. 16-18.

FOREIGN EMPLOYÉS IN JAPAN.

Since the day when Mendez Pinto discovered Japan in 1542, Western influence began to filter in to the archipelago. Mosquito-nets date from then, and sponge-cake, (called *kasuteira* from the word "Castille,") and of course Christianity. Would that all the Portuguese and Spanish visitors of those early days had been Christians in fact as well as in name,—humble, unworldly missionaries instead of adventurers? Japan was perfectly willing to be converted until she saw that conversion meant conquest, and thereupon shut her doors in their faces. But for this circumstance, she might have entered the comity of Western nations three centuries ago, and have started

nearly fair with them in the race of modern civilisation. Next came the Dutch, whose useful influence is often underrated. To mention nothing else, it was they who weaned the Japanese from a pharmacopœia of dragons' teeth, snake-skins, and the like, and taught them at least the rudiments of anatomy and of a rational system of medicine.

But foreign influence became an overwhelming force only when the country had been opened in 1854, indeed, properly speaking, only in the sixties. From that time dates the appearance in this country of a new figure—the foreign employé; and the foreign employé is the creator of New Japan. To the Japanese Government belongs the credit of conceiving the idea and admitting the necessity of a great change, furnishing the wherewithal, engaging the men, and profiting by their labours, resembling in this a wise patient who calls in the best available physician and assists him by every means in his power. The foreign *employés* have been the physician, to whom belongs the credit of working the marvelous cure which we all see. One set of Englishmen—at first a single Englishman, the late Lieut. A. G. S. Hawes,—took the navy in hand, and transformed junk manners and methods into those of a modern man-of-war. Another undertook the mint, with the result that Oriental confusion made way for a uniform coinage equal to any in the world. No less a feat than the reform of the entire educational system was chiefly the work of a handful of Americans. A Frenchman codified Japanese law, and abolished torture. The Germans have for many years

directed the whole higher medical instruction of the country, and the larger steamers of the principal steamship company are still commanded by foreign captains of various nationalities. As we correct these sheets for the press, two English experts are busy reporting on British administrative methods in dealing with native races, in order to place a model before the new rulers of Formosa. Again consider the army which so recently astonished the world by the perfection of its organisation :—that organisation was German, and was drilled into the Japanese by German officers engaged for the purpose. The posts, the telegraphs, the railways, the trigonometrical survey, improved mining methods, prison reform, sanitary reform, cotton and paper mills, chemical laboratories, water-works, and harbour works ;—all are the creation of the foreign *employés* of the Japanese Government. Nor must it be supposed that foreigners have been mere supervisors. It has been a case of off coats, of actual manual work, of example as well as precept. Technical men have shown their Japanese employers how to do technical things, the name of *chef de bureau*, captain, foreman, or what not, being no doubt generally painted on a Japanese figure-head, but the real power behind each little throne being the foreign advisor or specialist.

It is hard to see how matters could have been otherwise, for it takes longer to get a Japanese educated abroad than to engage a foreigner ready made.^C Moreover, even when technically educated, the Japanese will, for linguistic and other reasons, have more difficulty in keeping up with the progress of rapidly developing arts

and sciences, such as most European arts and sciences are. Similar causes have produced similar results in other parts of the world, though on a smaller scale—in Spanish America, for example. The only curious point is that while Japanese progress has been so often and so rapturously expatiated upon, the agents of that progress have been almost uniformly overlooked. To mention but one example among the many, the ingenious “Travelling Commissioner” of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Henry Norman, in his lively letters on Japan published nine or ten years ago, tells the story of Japanese education under the fetching title of “A Nation at School;” but the impression left is that they have been their own school-masters. In another letter on “Japan in Arms,” he discourses concerning “the Japanese military re-organisers,” the Yokosuka dockyard, and other matters, but omits to mention that the re-organisers were Frenchmen, and that the Yokosuka dockyard was also a French creation. Similarly when treating of the development of the Japanese newspaper press, he ignores the fact that it owed its origin to an Englishman, which surely, to one whose object was reality, should have seemed an item worth recording.

These letters, so full and apparently so frank, really so deceptive, are, as we have said, but one instance among many of the way in which popular writers on Japan travesty history by ignoring the part which foreigners have played. The reasons for this are not far to seek. A wonderful tale will please folks at a distance all the better if made more wonderful still. Japanese progress

traced to its causes and explained by reference to the means employed, is not nearly such fascinating reading as when represented in the guise of a fairy creation sprung from nothing, like Aladdin's palace. Many good people enjoy nothing so much as unlimited sugar and superlatives ; and the Japanese have really done so much that it seems scarcely stretching the truth to make out they have done the impossible. Then, too, they are such pleasant hosts, whereas the foreign *employés* are not always inclined to be hosts at all to the literary and journalistic globe-trotter, who thirsts for facts and statistics to his own theories, and demonstrates to old residents that their opinions are simply a mass of prejudice. There is nothing picturesque in the foreign *employé*. With his club, and his tennis-ground, and his brick house, and his wife's piano, and the rest of the European *entourage* which he strives to create around him in order sometimes to forget his exile, he strikes a false note. The esthetic and literary globe-trotter would fain revel in a tea-tray existence for the nonce, because the very moment he tires of it, he can pack and be off. The foreign *employé* cannot treat life so jauntily, for he has to make his living ; and when a man is forced to live in Lotus-land, it is Lotus-land no longer. Hence an irreconcilable feud between the foreign *employés* in Japan and those literary gentlemen who paint Japan in the brilliant hues of their own imagination. For our part, we see no excuse—even from a literary point of view—for inaccuracy in this matter. Japan is surely fair enough, her people are attractive enough, her progress has been remarkable

enough, for plenty of praise to remain, even when all just deductions are made and credit awarded to those who have helped her to her present position. Why exaggerate? Japan can afford to borrow Cromwell's word, and say, "Paint me as I am!"—B. H. Chamberlain, *Things Japanese*, pp. 164-168.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS OF JAPAN.

In order to understand the position, let us try and imagine that there is established in England a treaty-port, say at Wapping Old Stairs, or other convenient locality for shipping; and that in pursuit of their business a highly respectable class of Japanese tradesmen have established themselves there; that they have built their own houses, live their own lives, wear their own clothes, are under their own jurisdiction, and do not bother to learn our language (for the treaty-port foreigner in Japan, with very rare exceptions, never troubles to learn Japanese). Let us further assume that this imaginary Japanese community in England are in the habit of publishing daily newspapers violently denouncing everything that is British, simply because the methods of the English dock-laborers, cabmen, interpreters, and runners, who hang around their settlement for the purpose of getting what

they can out of the residents, are not particularly scrupulous or high-minded. We should say at once that the criticism was unfair, and that the Japanese at Wapping were not in a position to form an accurate estimate of England and the English ; that they were basing their opinions of the former on a place which, by reason of its being outside British jurisdiction, was really not England at all ; and, of the latter, on people who could not be looked upon as representative specimens of English people generally. We should add that very few respectable Englishmen, if they could afford to do otherwise, would care to live in Wapping under treaty-port conditions, as they would prefer residing among their compatriots in a port of England where extra-territoriality did not exist.

If we transpose this picture, we shall find that it holds good in Japan to-day. The better class Japanese never live in the treaty-ports of that country if they can possibly do otherwise. And it is on account of all these conditions that the treaty-port estimate of Japanese character and methods is misleading.

The freshly arrived foreigner, however, is bound to base his first impressions of Japan on treaty-port surroundings, as he naturally lands at one or other of these places, and very often practically gets no farther during his stay ; or if he does, his journeying merely takes the form of flying trips to the stereotyped places in the interior, where treaty-port people and tourists go ; and he gravitates back to, and makes his headquarters within, concession limits in one of the coast towns, where he finds the greatest number of his countrymen, the greatest selec-

tion of Western amusements, the best quarters, and the best food ; and where above all, he can make himself understood.

Most people who visit Japan arrange their sojourn in that country on the lines just described ; and the man who does will tell his friends his impressions as seen through treaty-port spectacles. He will say that the Japanese are devoid of integrity and morality ; that they are grasping, unreliable, rude, and even dangerous. For he has read this every day in his treaty-port journal ; and he has been overcharged by his treaty-port *rikisha* boy, who is possibly the most reputable sample of a Japanese with whom he has come in contact.

Another class of foreigner who is apt to mislead people at home on the subject of Japan, but in quite another direction, is he who endeavors to " Japonify " (I did not invent that word) himself at short notice, and without being able to speak the language. He becomes enamoured of the country, and possibly of some one in it, and is rapturously maudlin in telling us all about it.

To such a man Japan is peopled with dear little giggling dolls, living in dear little miniature houses made of " card-board." He eats fairy food out of miniature dishes ; hangs the graceful costume of the country on him as if the *kimono* were a towel and he a clothes-horse ; he strains the sinews of his legs in squatting on the floor, and tells us that he fears his head would knock a hole in the fragile ceiling if he were to stand upright ; and so it would, if he were eight or nine feet high and his head were not softer than the wood-work. He laughs in in-

nocent glee at it all, as he lets the rice fall from his chopsticks on to the spotless *tatami*, for he is in such a delightful little shallow-minded, light-hearted, immoral paradise. He hugs himself in the belief that he is living among laughing children again, and he has no thought for the morrow ; for he has not grasped the fact that his companions are bored with it all, but that etiquette and business exigencies oblige them to appear amused at his eccentricities ; he does not understand that, if their laugh is genuine, they are laughing at him rather than with him, and that it is he in reality who is the child. Meanwhile his treaty-port guide no doubt is making terms with the landlady of the " card-board " house as to the extent to which it will be safe to run up the bill, and as to how much commission is to be reserved out of that amount for himself.

The above enthusiastic individual, who has solved the Japanese problem to his own satisfaction, will tell that he has " eaten the lotus," when, in plain English, he has merely become very silly. Such silliness, however, is infectious, and his graphic recital of what he terms his " Adventures in the land of the Rising Sun " has often had the effect of causing others to visit Japan with the express purpose of endeavoring to emulate him.—Stafford Ransome, *Japan in Transition*, pp. 3-6.

JAPAN AS SEEN BY A SWEDISH PHYSICIAN.

A century after the final expulsion of foreigners we may see how Japan and its people, their customs and institutions, appeared to a man of intelligence and observation, by taking the Swedish physician, Thunberg, for our guide. Fresh from a country in Europe—Sweden—where feudal institutions were still in force, he would seem to have been peculiarly well fitted to enter into the spirit and meaning of the fundamental axioms of the Japanese Government. Yet, if we are to credit Thunberg (and as to the reality of the impressions there is no room for doubt), things seemingly similar, so far from appearing to him to produce like results, wrought only oppression and wrong in Sweden—and in Japan, the perfection of order, law, and justice! Discontent and attempts at revolution in the one,—social order, peace, and prosperity in the other. Let us listen to him, long after he had got over the first salutations of the little nudities in the streets of Nagasaki, taking him for a Dutchman, and expressing their wonder at the large round eyes of the European, by crying after him ‘Hollande Ome!’—which sounds very like the sort of slang facetiousness not unfamiliar to the juvenile members of our street populations. Long after these first facts and impressions had been tempered and corrected by after knowledge, he tells his

readers that 'Japan is in many respects a singular country, and with regard to customs and institutions totally different from Europe, or, I had almost said, from any other part of the world. Of all the nations that inhabit the three largest parts of the globe, the Japanese deserve to rank the first, and to be compared with the Europeans; and although in many points they must yield the palm to the latter, yet in various other respects they may with great justice be preferred to them. Here, indeed, as well as in other countries, are found both useful and pernicious establishments, both rational and absurd institutions; yet still we must admire the steadiness which constitutes the national character, the immutability which reigns in the administration of their laws and in the exercise of their public functions, the unwearied assiduity of this nation to do, and to promote what is useful, and a hundred other things of a similar nature.' 'That so numerous a people as this should love so ardently and so universally (without even a single exception to the contrary) their native country, their Government, and each other—that the whole country, should be, as it were, encolsed, so that no native can get out, nor foreigner enter in, without permission—that their laws should have remained unaltered for several thousand (hundred?) years—and that justice should be administered without partiality or respect of persons—that the government can neither become despotic nor evade the laws in order to grant pardons or do other acts of mercy—that the monarch and all his subjects should be clad alike in a particular national dress—that no fashions

should be adopted from abroad, nor new ones invented at home—that no foreign war should have been waged for centuries past—that a great variety of religious sects should live in peace and harmony together—that hunger and want should be almost unknown, or at least known but seldom,—all this must appear improbable, and to many as impossible as it is strictly true, and deserving of the utmost attention.’

Certainly, of the whole catalogue of the wonderful conditions presented by this view of the Japanese people and Government, the most extraordinary and marvellous to Europeans must be the last two—a great variety of religious sects living together in harmony, and,—hunger and famine almost unknown in a nation of thirty millions or more, inhabiting a set of islands not larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and in something like the same geographical position.

And nowhere should such a state of things appear more enviable than in England, where we are too much open perhaps to Voltaire’s reproach of building ‘palaces for our felons and prisons for our poor.’ If the secret by which such admirable effects as Thunberg describes are secured could only be communicated, what country is there in Europe that would not be better for knowing it? What a blessing the secret of religious harmony would be to many countries—from Syria to Spitzbergen! All the other good things enumerated sink into a wholly secondary rank by the side of these. And yet what further blessings are combined in the uniform administration of laws and justice (exchangeable terms it seems in

Japan), undeviating uniformity of costume, absence of all foreign wars and intestine feuds, of foot-soldiers and income-tax, with the crowning gift of food to the poor—who always get their bellies full! These are miracles which, to see repeated in old England and Ireland, might well repay an expedition even to Japan ‘beyond the farthestmost end of Asia to the East.’

But Thunberg has more to tell us ‘If the laws in this country are rigid, the police are equally vigilant, while discipline and good order are scrupulously observed. The happy consequences of this are extremely visible and important, for hardly any country exhibits fewer instances of vice. And as no respect whatever is paid to persons, and at the same time the laws preserve their pristine and original purity, without any alterations, explanations, and misconstructions, the subjects not only imbibe, as they grow up, an infallible knowledge of what ought or ought not to be done, but are likewise enlightened by the example and irreproachable conduct of their superiors in age.’

‘Most crimes are punished with death, a sentence which is inflicted with less regard to the magnitude of the crime than to the audacity of the attempt to transgress the hallowed laws of the empire, and to violate justice, which together with religion they consider as the most sacred things in the whole land. Fines and pecuniary mulcts they regard as equally repugnant to justice and reason, as the rich are thereby freed from all punishment—a procedure which to them appears the height of absurdity.’

‘In the towns it often happens that the inhabitants of a whole street are made to suffer for the malpractice of a single individual, the master of a house for the faults of his domestics, and parents for those of their children, in proportion to the share they may have had in the transaction. In Europe, which boasts a purer religion and a more enlightened philosophy, we very rarely see those punished who have debauched and seduced others, never see parents and relatives made to suffer for neglecting the education of their children and kindred, at the same time that these heathens see the justice and propriety of such punishment.’

True, there is a slight shadow to this brilliant tableau. The prisons, we are told, in this paradise of law and justice are, ‘as in most others, gloomy and horrid; the rooms are, however, kept clean and wholesome, and consist of an apartment for the trial by torture, and another for private executions,—besides a kitchen, a dining-room, and a bath!’

A strange juxtaposition this, of rooms for torture and death, with such ample provision for the creature comforts in a kitchen, and dining-room—and even for luxury, in a bath! But we were warned in the beginning that we should find Japan in many respects a singular country.—Sir Rutherford Alcock, *The Capital of the Tycoon*, Vol. pp. 60-64.

SELF-INFLICTED UGLINESS OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

The women seem content with the skin that nature gave them, in all its varying shades of olive, and sometimes scarcely a shade at all. I have seen many as fair as my own countrywomen, and with healthy blood mantling in their cheeks—that is, when fresh washed,—and before they have painted cheeks and lips, and powdered all the face and neck with rice flower, until they look like painted Twelfth-night Queens done in pastry and white lead. When they have renewed the black varnish to the teeth, plucked out the last hair from their eyebrows, the Japanese matrons may certainly claim unrivalled pre-eminence in artificial ugliness over all their sex. Their mouths thus disfigured are like open sepulchres, and whether given to ‘flatter with their tongues’ I cannot undertake in this my novitiate to say, but they must have sirens’ tongues, or a fifty-horse power of flattery—to make those red-varnished lips utter anything which could compensate man or child for so much artificial ugliness! Were it not for such perverse ingenuity in marring nature’s fairest work, many among them might make some considerable pretensions to beauty—as several of the studies from nature scattered through these volumes will show. The type,....., is neither Malay nor Mongol; while the elaborate style of the hair

is in itself a study, and displays a marvellous amount of feminine ingenuity. One might certainly search the world through without being able to match the woman-kind of Japan for such total abnegation of personal vanity. If this be a sacrifice offered on the shrine of conjugal fidelity, the motive is no doubt very laudable; but it leads to the inference, not altogether so complimentary, that either the men are more dangerous,—or the women more frail than elsewhere, since such extreme measures have been found necessary to secure the same results. Surely something less than the whole womanhood of Japan deliberately making itself hideous, might have sufficed to prove the absence of all wish or design to captivate admirers! For my part, I cannot help thinking the husbands pay rather dear for any protection or security it is supposed to bring,—since if no other man can find anything pleasing in a face so marred and disfigured, the husband must be just as badly off—if he has any sense of beauty in him. Perhaps custom and that ‘deformed thief,’ fashion, may have brought him to *like* it; but if so, where is the protection? If he can like it, so ~~may~~ others. Perverted tastes are infectious. Of course I shall be told—nay, I think I hear excellent and exemplary English matrons saying, with a certain monitory voice, that ‘when the affections are engaged a loving husband sees only the mind and heart in the face, and loses the individual features; and as those are worthy of love and admiration, so is his indifference to the skin-deep beauty of the face—his love being something quite irrespective of such graces:—and, more than this, that,

as a matter of experience, six months' married life serves to familiarise the ugliest faces, or efface the original impression of the fairest.' I have heard some such discourse in time past, in support of a theory—which, despite all my efforts, I never could cordially accept. But, less than ever could I have done so now, after a few weeks' residence in Japan, where I saw the principle carried out to its last frightful consequences, and with inexorable logic! Whatever man's sensuous perception of the beautiful may be—and some, at least, are very unfortunately endowed that way—he must of necessity, for the whole term of his (or her) existence, be condemned to take up his abode with wilful and unmitigated ugliness in the face of his cherished partner.—Sir Rutherford Alcock, *The Capital of the Tycoon*, Vol. I. pp. 191-194.

IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF YEDO.

Within two miles or so from Yedo, and yet well away from the toil and din of the great city, stands the village of Meguro. Once past the outskirts of the town, the road leading thither is bounded on either side by woodlands rich in an endless variety of foliage, broken at intervals by the long, low line of villages and hamlets. As we draw near to Meguro, the scenery, becoming more and more rustic, increases in beauty. Deep shady lanes,

bordered by hedgerows as luxurious as any in England, lead down to a valley of rice fields bright with the emerald green of the young crops. To the right and to the left rise knolls of fantastic shape, crowned with a profusion of *Cryptomerias*, Scotch firs and other cone-bearing trees, and fringed with thickets of feathery bamboos, bending their stems gracefully to the light summer breeze. Wherever there is a spot shadier and pleasanter to look upon than the rest, there may be seen the red portal of a shrine which the simple piety of the country folk has raised to *Inari Sama* the patron god of farming, or to some other tutelary deity of the place. At the eastern outlet of the valley a strip of blue sea bounds the horizon; westward are the distant mountains. In the foreground, in front of a farm-house, snug-looking, with its roof of velvety-brown thatch, a troop of sturdy urchins, sun-tanned and stark naked, are frisking in the wildest gambols, all heedless of the scolding voice of the withered old grandam who sits spinning and minding the house, while her son and his wife are away toiling at some outdoor labour. Close at our feet runs a stream of pure water, in which a group of countrymen are washing the vegetables which they will presently shoulder and carry off to sell by auction in the suburbs of Yedo. Not the least beauty of the scene consists in the wondrous clearness of an atmosphere so transparent that the most distant outlines are scarcely dimmed, while the details of the nearer ground stand out in sharp, bold relief, now lit by the rays of a vertical sun, now darkened under the flying shadows thrown by the fleecy clouds which sail

across the sky. Under such a heaven, what painter could limn the lights and shades which flit over the woods, the pride of Japan, whether in late autumn, when the russets and yellows of our own trees are mixed with the deep crimson glow of the maples, or in spring time, when plum and cherry trees and wild camellias—giants, fifty feet high—are in full blossom?

All that we see is enchanting, but there is a strange stillness in the groves; rarely does the song of a bird break the silence; indeed, I know but one warbler whose note has any music in it, the *uguisu*, by some enthusiasts called the Japanese nightingale—at best, a king in the kingdom of the blind. The scarcity of animal life of all descriptions, man and mosquitoes excepted, is a standing wonder to the traveller; the sportsman must toil many a weary mile to get a shot at boar, or deer or pheasant; and the plough of the farmer and the trap of the poacher, who works in and out of season, threaten to exterminate all wild creatures; unless, indeed, the Government should, as they threatened in the spring of 1869, put in force some adaptation of European game-laws. But they are lukewarm in the matter; a little hawking on a duck-pond satisfies the cravings of the modern Japanese sportsman, who knows that, game-laws or no game-laws, the wild fowl will never fail in winter; and the days are long past when my Lord the Shogun used to ride forth with a mighty company to the wild places about Mount Fuji, there camping out and hunting the boar, the deer, and the wolf, believing that in so doing he was fostering a manly and military spirit in the land.

There is one serious drawback to the enjoyment of the beauties of the Japanese country, and that is the intolerable affront which is continually offered to one's sense of smell ; the whole of what should form the sewerage of the city is carried out on the backs of men and horses, to be thrown upon the fields ; and, if you would avoid the overpowering nuisance, you must walk handkerchief in hand, ready to shut out the stench which assails you at every moment.—A. B. Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*,* Vol. I, pp. 35-38.

ALLEGED UNCHASTITY OF THE JAPANESE WOMEN.

The misapprehension which exists upon the subject of prostitution in Japan may be accounted for by the fact that foreign writers, basing their judgment upon the vice of the open ports, have not hesitated to pronounce the Japanese women unchaste. As fairly might a Japanese, writing about England, argue from the street-walkers of Portsmouth or Plymouth to the wives, sisters, and

* 本書は千八百七十一年倫敦にて出版せられたる者にして著者は明治の初年在日本英國公使館の書記官たりし人なり書中収むる所は四十七士・白井權八小紫、數馬復讐譚等日本の物語十餘篇なり、茲に拔萃せるは權八と小紫の戀愛と題する一篇の冒頭數節なり

daughters of these very authors. In some respects the gulf fixed between virtue and vice in Japan is even greater than in England. The Eastern courtesan is confined to a certain quarter of the town, and distinguished by a peculiarly gaudy costume, and by a head-dress which consists of a forest of light tortoiseshell hair-pins, stuck round her head like a saints' glory—a glory of shame which a modest woman would sooner die than wear. Vice jostling virtue in the public places; virtue imitating the fashion set by vice, and buying trinkets or furniture at the sale of vice's effects—these are social phenomena which the East knows not.

The custom prevalent among the lower orders of bathing in public bath houses without distinction of sexes, is another circumstance which has tended to spread abroad very false notions upon the subject of the chastity of the Japanese women. Every traveller is shocked by it, and every writer finds in it matter for a page of pungent description. Yet it is only those who are so poor (and they must be poor indeed) that they can not afford a bath at home, who, at the end of their day's work, go to the public bath-house to refresh themselves before sitting down to their evening meal; having been used to the scene from their childhood, they see no indelicacy in it; it is a matter of course, and *honi soit qui mal y pense*: certainly there is far less indecency and immorality resulting from this public bathing, than from the promiscuous herding together of all sexes and ages which disgraces our own lodging-houses in the great cities, and the hideous hovels in which some of our labourers have to

pass their lives ; nor can it be said that there is more confusion of sexes amongst the lowest orders of Japan than in Europe. Speaking upon the subject once with a Japanese gentlemen, I observed that we considered it an act of indecency for men and women to wash together. He shrugged his shoulders as he answered, " But then Westerns have such prurient minds." Some time ago, at the open port of Yokohama, the Government, out of deference to the prejudices of foreigners, forbade the men and women to bathe together, and no doubt this was the first step towards putting down the practice altogether : as for women tubbing in the open streets of Yedo, I have read of such things in books written by foreigners ; but during a residence of three years and a half, in which time I crossed and recrossed every part of the great city at all hours of the day, I never once saw such a sight. I believe myself that it can only be seen at certain hot mineral springs in remote country districts.

The best answer to the general charge of immorality which has been brought against the Japanese women during their period of unmarried life, lies in the fact that every man who can afford to do so keeps the maidens of his family closely guarded in the strictest seclusion. The daughter of poverty, indeed, must work and go abroad, but not a man is allowed to approach the daughter of a gentleman ; and she is taught that if by accident any insult should be offered to her, the knife which she carries at her girdle is meant for use, and not merely as a badge of her rank. Not long ago a tragedy took place in the house of one of the chief nobles

in Yedo. One of My Lady's tire-women, herself a damsel of gentle blood, and gifted with rare beauty, had attracted the attention of a retainer in the palace, who fell desperately in love with her. For a long time the strict rules of decorum by which she was hedged in prevented him from declaring his passion; but at last he contrived to gain access to her presence, and so far forgot himself, that she drawing her poniard, stabbed him in the eyes, so that he was carried off fainting, and presently died. The girl's declaration, that the dead man had attempted to assault her, was held to be sufficient justification of her deed, and, instead of being blamed, she was praised and extolled for her valor and chastity. As the affair had taken place within the four walls of a powerful noble, there was no official investigation into the matter, with which the authorities of the palace were competent to deal: The truth of this story was vouched for by two or three persons whose word I have no reason to doubt, and who had themselves been mixed up in it; I can bear witness that it is in complete harmony with Japanese ideas; and certainly it seems more just that Lucretia should kill Tarquin than herself.

The better the Japanese people come to be known and understood, the more, I am certain, will it be felt that a great injustice has been done them in the sweeping attacks which have been made upon their women. Writers are agreed, I believe, that their matrons are, as a rule, without reproach. If their maidens are chaste, as I contend, that from very force of circumstances they cannot help being, what becomes of all these charges of vice

and immodesty? Do they not rather recoil upon the accusers, who would appear to have studied the Japanese woman only in the harlot of Yokohama.—A. B. Mitford, *Tales of Old Japan*, Vol. I, pp. 59-63.

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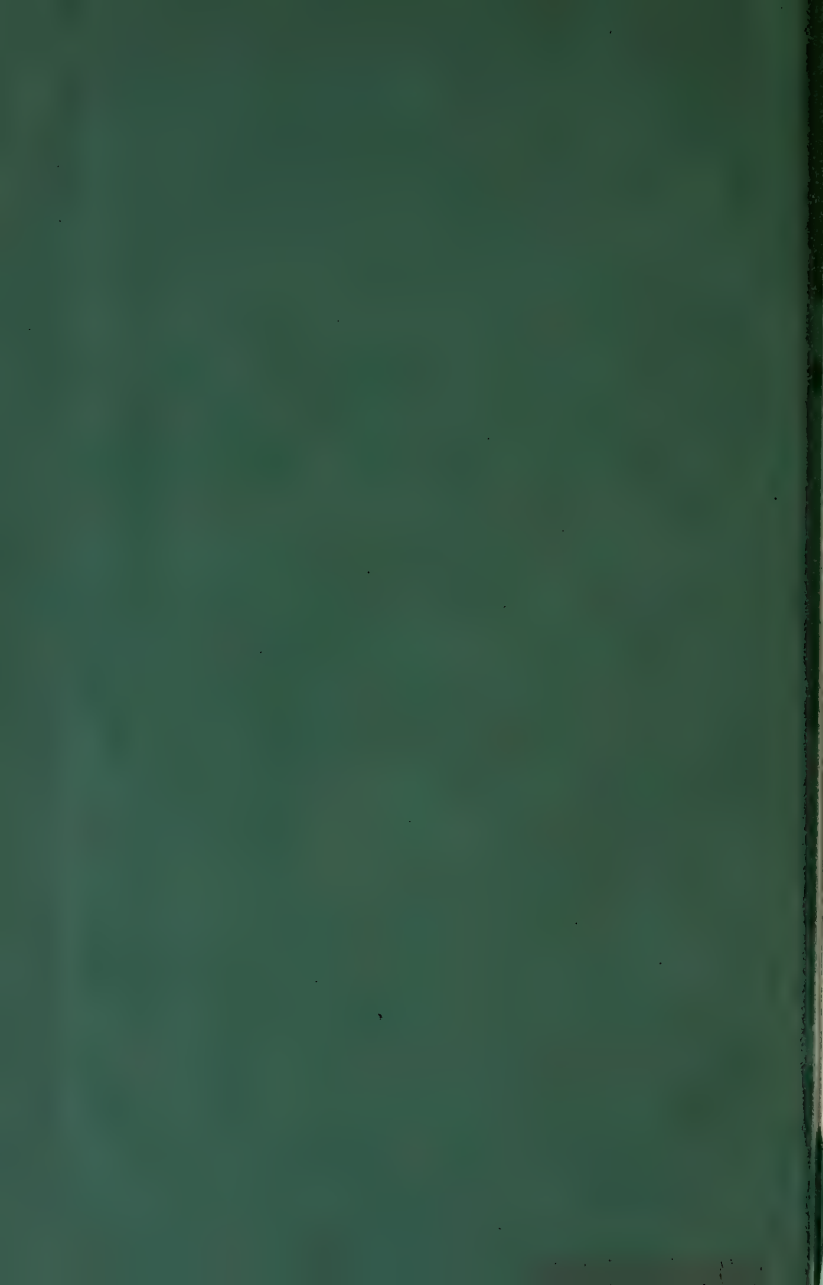
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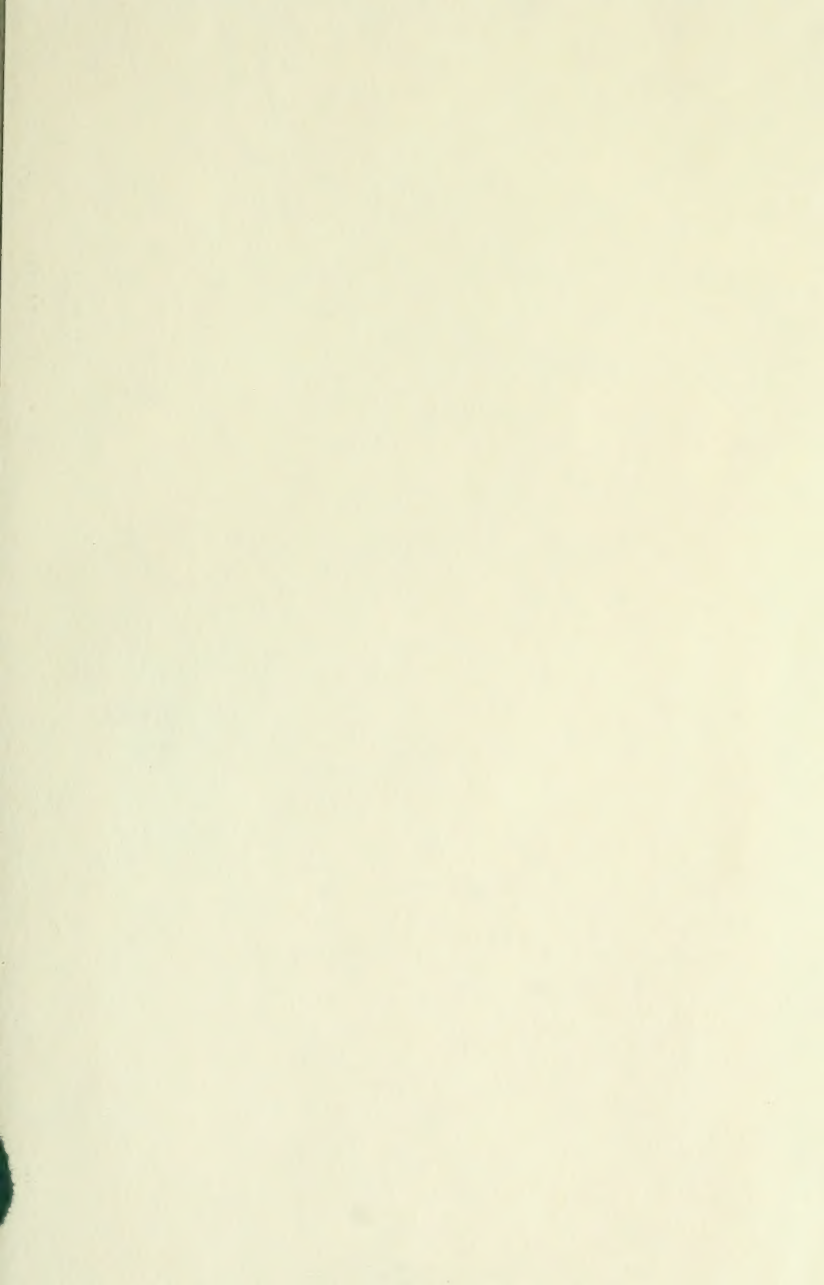
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